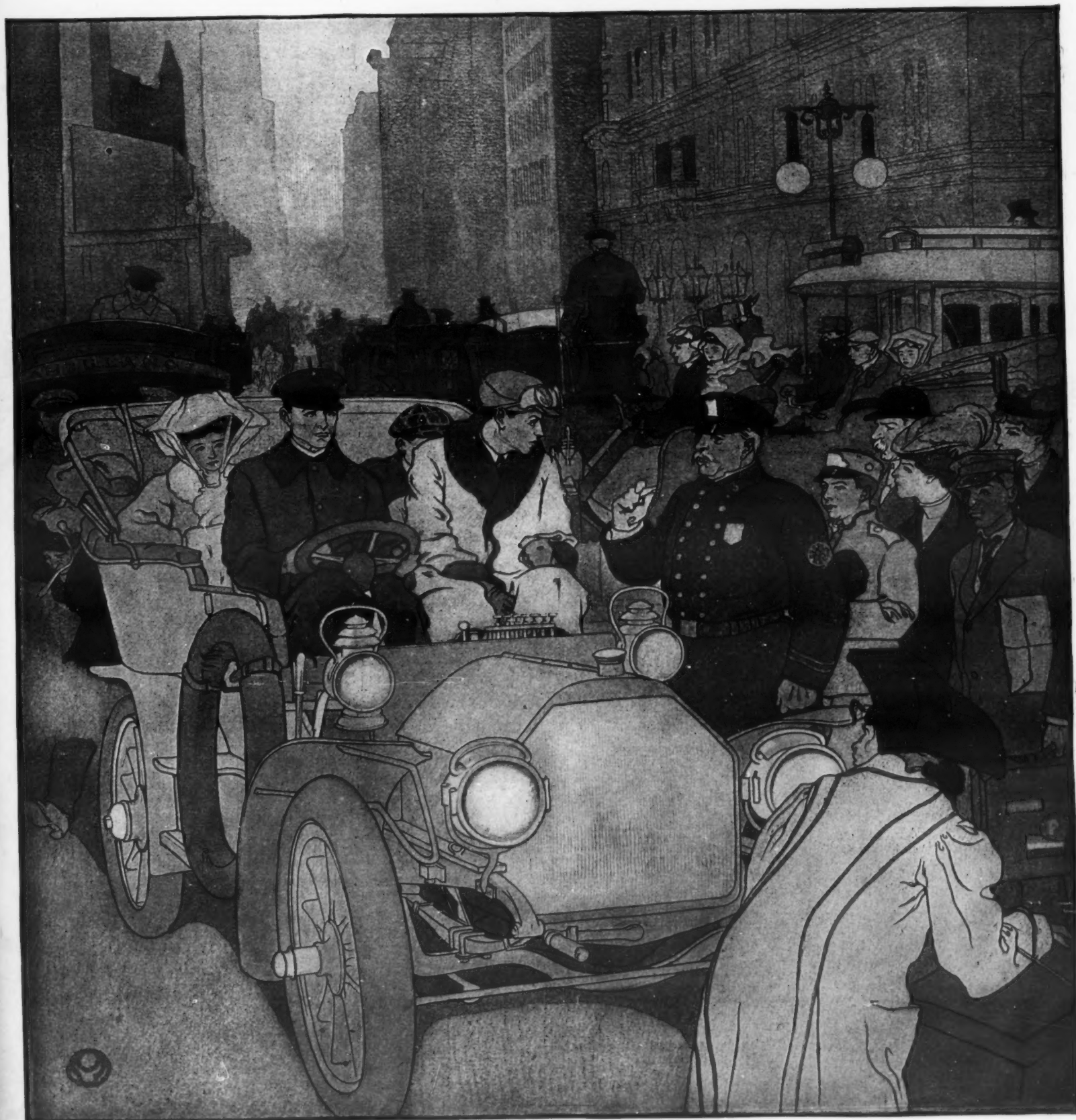


# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XL NO 3  
OCTOBER 12 1907

THE LORD OF THE CROSSWAYS

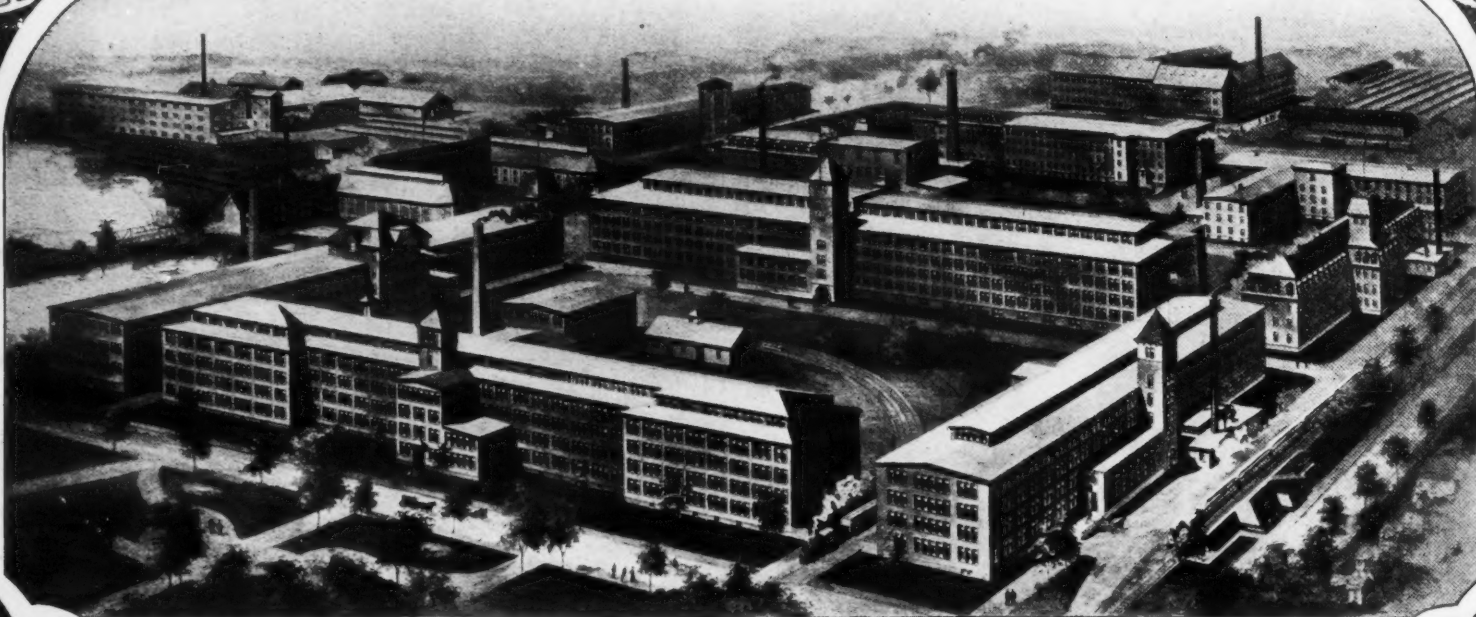
PRICE 10 CENTS  
\$5.20 A YEAR

# RICE & HUTCHINS

WORLD SHOEMAKERS  
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



## Our Works and Our Work



*Rice & Hutchins' factories and tanneries as they would appear if grouped together. Since this picture was made, early in 1907, TWO ACRES OF MANUFACTURING FLOOR SPACE HAVE BEEN ADDED to meet the growing demand for Rice & Hutchins' Footwear.*



Women's  
All America  
dull calf button,  
Wellesley last.  
Price, \$3.50.

From its beginning in 1866, the shoe manufacturing house of Rice & Hutchins has been famous throughout the world for the reliability and honesty of its goods.

The policy then adopted and since maintained, of making the best shoes possible for the money, largely accounts for the widespread confidence in RICE & HUTCHINS' product. From the extent and variety of shoes made in their seven great New England factories, and the wide sale of their output, they are known as "World Shoemakers for the Whole Family," and their name and brands are familiar wherever good shoes are worn.

A few of their many named lines are

Fine Shoes for Men	For Women	For Boys and Children	Heavier Shoes for Men
"Educator"	"Educator"	"Educator"	"Erica"
"R. & H. Special"	"All America"	"Hardknocks"	"Hardknocks"
"All America"	"Mayfair"	"Marvel"	"Waterking"
"Armada"			"Old Homestead"
"Signet"			"Inspector"

*Wearers of Rice & Hutchins shoes are comfortably, tastefully, and economically shod.*

and many others, including shoes for every member of the family.

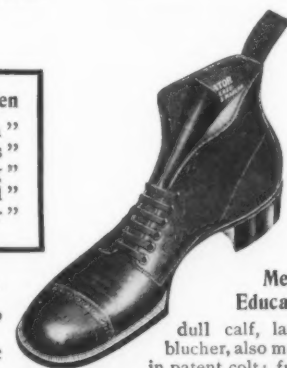
Sold by best dealers everywhere. Ask for Rice & Hutchins' brand. If your dealer does not carry them, write to the home office for illustrated "Family Footwear" catalog. New edition just out.



Child's  
Educator  
made in patent  
calf, dull calf or  
kid. Size, 8½ to 11.  
Price, \$1.75.



Men's  
All America  
patent calf, laced  
blucher.  
Price, \$4.00.



Men's  
Educator  
dull calf, laced  
blucher, also made  
in patent calf; from  
\$4.00 to  
\$5.00.

RICE &  
HUTCHINS

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., Dept. D, 10 and 12 High Street, Boston, Mass.

RICE &  
HUTCHINS



## Practical Home Painting



The Acme Quality plan has revolutionized paint buying and paint applying. There need no longer be any uncertainty with the former, or dissatisfaction with the latter.

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Then ask the dealer for the

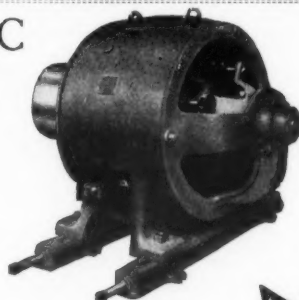
## ACME QUALITY

textbook, written by experienced painters and telling in simple language exactly how to finish anything old or new, of wood or metal. When repainting your kitchen floor, for example, you turn to the chapter on "Floors" and there learn how easily *Acme Quality Granite Floor Paint* may be applied to make a substantial, sanitary finish, easy to keep clean; also many other ways in which to finish floors. There are other uses—hundreds of them—that make the book worth getting and the finishes worth trying. If your dealer is out of books, send his name and we will mail copy free.

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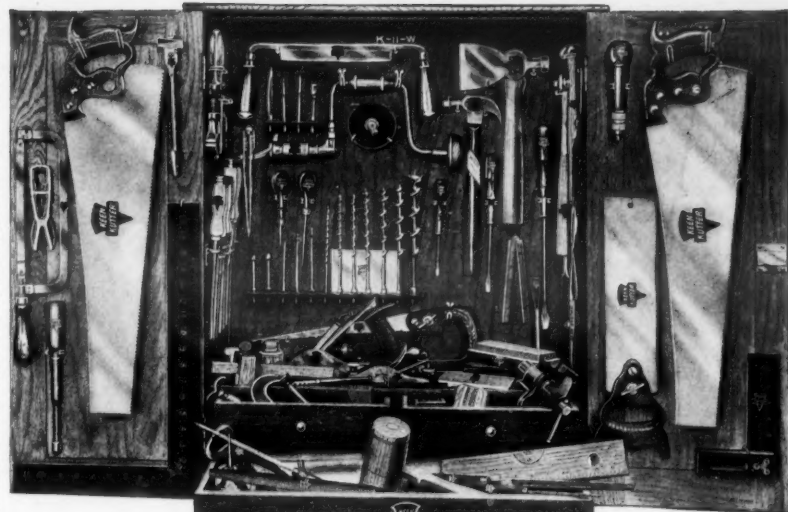
Every WESTERN ELECTRIC MOTOR must successfully pass the Western Electric test which is much the severest test to which a motor can be subjected. Every one must demonstrate its thorough reliability—every one must prove its ability to carry heavy overloads without injury.

Let us send you all the particulars and place our expert advice and thirty years' experience at your service.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



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Nearly every day something turns up about the house that could be improved or repaired if the proper tools were at hand.

When you want a hammer or a hatchet or any tool for any work, you know and everyone knows that the right way to be sure of satisfaction is to order Keen Kutter tools.

But when you want a complete set of tools, instead of buying one tool at a time and never having the right tool when you want it, order one of the

## KEEN KUTTER TOOL CABINETS



These cabinets are designed for the convenience of the home. They contain every tool you need and have it ready when you need it. The various assortments were selected and made up by men who know tools and their requirements. Every tool has its own place in the cabinet and every tool belongs to the famous Keen Kutter brand, which means they are the best you can buy and that they are guaranteed perfect.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are made in various styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$8.50 to \$85.00. If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.

## Cheaper Than You Think

It would surprise many people to know how cheap good insurance really is. It would most likely surprise you. It would pay every man, who realizes that the protection of his family is important and desirable, to get posted as to the recent changes in insurance laws, and examine for himself the forms of policies now to be obtained. Such a man should write

## The Mutual Life Insurance Company

With its vast resources, which insure stability, and with the great economies installed by the new management, which all spell "benefit" to the policyholders. The Mutual Life, long the largest and staunchest insurance company in the world, is to-day better than ever able to furnish protection at the lowest cost. Write for the latest forms of policies and you will find insurance cheaper than you think.

### The Time to Act is NOW

For the new forms of policies write to  
The Mutual Life Insurance Company  
of New York, N. Y.

# 100 KEY WEST HAVANA SECONDS \$1.90

## From Factory Direct to You

WILL you pay \$1.90 for a hundred "Key-West Havana Seconds" cigars? The quality of tobacco is the same as used in cigars that sell over the counter at "three for a quarter" and for which any cigar dealer would gladly pay you 5¢ apiece. Made of Key-West "shorts," the trade name for fine leaf tobacco that is too short to roll into the high priced cigars. It doesn't make a pretty cigar, but the quality is there—and, after all, you don't smoke looks. None shorter than 4½ inches, some even longer—hand-made and money back if you aren't elated. This is one of my greatest values—to introduce my method of selling from factory direct to the smoker at factory prices.

**None sold after November 12th at this price—  
and not more than 100 to one smoker**

Send \$1.90 for 100. I reserve the right, however, to return your order and refund your money after a certain quantity of this brand is sold, as this price is made just to "get acquainted."

I am the only manufacturer of cigars, selling strictly for cash only. The man selling on credit, charging \$5.00 per hundred for a cigar no better than mine at \$1.90, can well afford to have half his customers "stick him." If you are willing to pay \$5.00 for the sake of buying your cigars on credit, send your orders to him.



*Morton A. Edwin*

Make remittance payable to EDWIN CIGAR CO.  
Dept. B, 64-68 W. 125th Street, New York

References: United States Exchange Bank,  
Dun and Bradstreet

# FREE

If you order 100 Key-West Havana Seconds before November 12th and send me with your order the name of another man who smokes—whom I might interest in my way of selling cigars direct from factory, I'll send you FREE a box of "OLD FASHIONED HAVANA SMOKERS" and furthermore allow you to order an additional 100 Key-West Havana Seconds at \$1.90 either for yourself or for him.



# What You Save and WHAT YOU GET

PRICE isn't the only thing to consider in buying a stove or range, but if you can save \$5 or \$10 or \$25 when you buy, and get the quality you want, the saving is well worth while. You can very likely find some other use for the money.

Our customers save all the way from \$5 to \$30, in some instances even \$40, on a single purchase.

This is how and why:  
You buy direct from our factory at actual factory prices. And you get a stove or range of the highest possible quality.

If you go to your local dealer with \$50 in

your pocket, and pay \$49.85, we will say, for a high class range.

You have 15 cents left.  
But if you should decide to "look around a little further," and then should find a factory where you can buy a range equally good, or better, at the factory price of say \$35.

What would you do?

You'd buy at the factory price, wouldn't you? and keep \$15 in your own pocket.  
And that \$15 would come in pretty handy for a multitude of other things, while the 15 cents you would have had left after buying from your dealer, would look like 30 cents cut in two.



Kalamazoo Royal Steel Range. Made of a better grade of steel than is used by any other stove manufacturer in the U. S. An exceptional baker. Economical of fuel and easily operated.

The extra value you get for the low price, the extra service, the extra convenience, the money you save in fuel bills and repair bills, count for even more real economy than the saving in the first cost.

And we let you prove this to your own satisfaction, by selling you on

## 360 DAYS' APPROVAL

If the Kalamazoo you buy is not right in every particular, you get your money back—without quibble.

We do not claim that the Kalamazoo is the

## SEND FOR CATALOGUE No. 17G

### 300 Styles and Sizes

For the home and all domestic purposes—Cook Stoves and Ranges, Base Burners and Heaters for all kinds of fuel, household laundry stoves, special stoves for stores, shops, factories, depots, lodge rooms, schools and churches; Hotel Ranges for restaurants, clubs, boarding houses, contractors' camps, etc. Gas Stoves and Ranges for Cooking and Heating.



All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with guaranteed oven thermometer which makes looking and roasting easy and saves fuel.

Please do not confuse us with "Mail Order" dealers or "Catalogue Houses." We are manufacturers and originated the direct-from-the-factory-plan of selling stoves and ranges.

**KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers, KALAMAZOO, MICH.**



Kalamazoo Radiant Base Burner positively the best heater and greatest fuel saver on the market. Get our price before you buy.

only good stove or range made, but it is a fact that you can't get a better stove or range, no matter how much extra you pay.

More than 50 years' experience has given us the "know how" of stove and range construction, and we back this experience and knowledge with a determination to produce as good a stove or range as human skill and an honest purpose can produce.

We use only the highest grade pig-iron—not an ounce of scrap-iron has ever been melted in our foundry—and we use a better grade of open-hearth steel (made especially for us) than is used by any other stove manufacturer in the United States.

Our stoves and ranges are made right—and they are right.

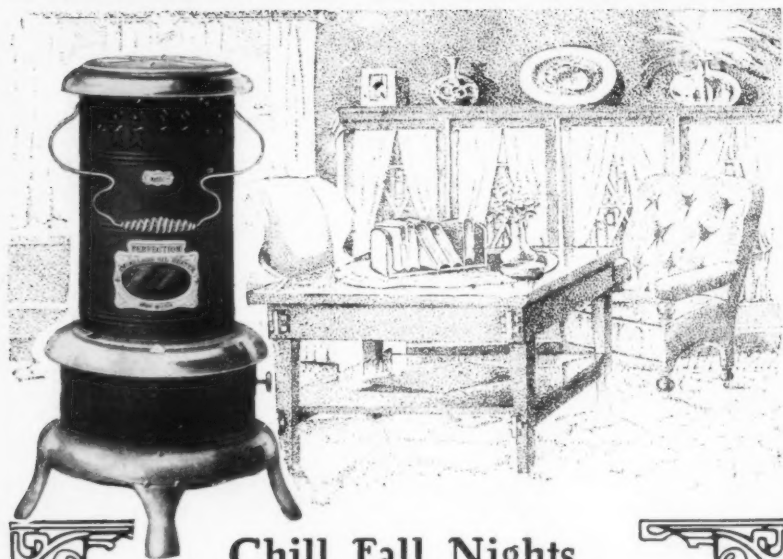
We sell on approval, we pay the freight, and we ship all Kalamazoos blacked, polished and ready for immediate use.

### It Will Pay You

to get our prices and compare "KALAMAZOO" quality and "KALAMAZOO" economy with what your dealer offers.

All our stoves and ranges are shipped, blacked, polished and ready for immediate use. We pay the freight and guarantee safe delivery. Any handy man can set up a "KALAMAZOO."

Won't you at least investigate our offer?



## Chill Fall Nights

Before the fires are lighted, when the evenings are chilly and damp, the room in which you sit should be warm and dry for your health's sake as well as comfort.

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

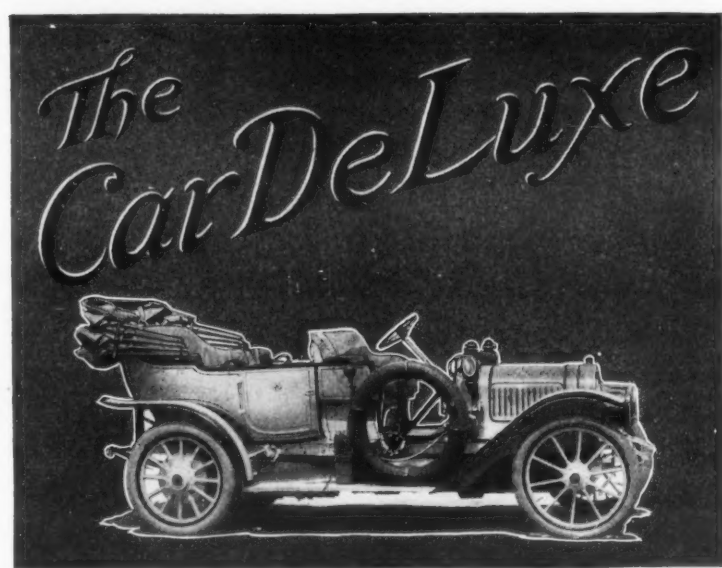
is just the thing for this time of year. Touch a match to the wick—turn it up as far as it will go. You can't turn it too high, the Smokeless Device prevents. Heats a large room in a few minutes and can be carried easily from one room to another. Handsomely finished in nickel or japan. Burns 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.



The **Rayo Lamp** is the best lamp for all-around household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)



## Merely Announcing

Ignition. Carpenter dual ignition system—using Eiseman Magneto and Carpenter single vibrating coil.

Genuine Imported Ball Bearings, throughout transmission, wheels, steering system, bevel gear, crank shaft, etc. Brakes. Metal to Metal, internal and external, shoe type, on rear wheels. Transmission. Four speed Selective. Direct on third.

The only shaft drive system sup-

plied with a solid rear I-Beam axle such as is used on high powered chain driven cars. Wheels. 36x4 front; 36x5 rear. Clutch. Cone, Metal to Metal, cork inserts.

Springs. Semi-elliptic front; platform (3 point) rear, made by Lemoine (France).

All shafts, gears, connecting rods, stationary axles, driving axles, propeller shaft, etc., are Chrome Nickel Steel.

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Boston	- H. C. Sutton Company, 173 Huntington Avenue	San Antonio	- D. W. McElroy & Co., 406-8 Market Street
Pittsburgh	- Belvidere Motor Co., 4318 Henry Street	San Francisco	- City Hall Automobile Co., 56 Fulton Street
Chicago	- De Luxe Motor Sales Co., Michigan Avenue	Los Angeles	- Pacific Auto Co., 1028 South Main Street
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We import the rough stones, cut and polish them ourselves, and sell them to you on credit terms at wholesale prices. You save at least two profits. We send goods prepaid for examination. Send for catalogue 24.

**J. M. LYON & CO.**  
71-73 Nassau St., New York  
ESTABLISHED 1843

## You Must Have Our Catalogue

If you want to know the

### LATEST DESIGNS IN FURNITURE

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**WE SAVE YOU 40% to 50%**

You take no risk in buying Grace furniture. We ship on approval, deliver promptly, pay freight east of Dakota, north of Tennessee, and equalize to points beyond, and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

Grandfather Clock, No. 26. Handsome solid frame—5 1/2 inches high. Weight movement. Solid brass dial. Bevel or leaded glass door. Quartered Oak, only \$27.50. Case Mahogany, only \$36.00. Usual retail price \$45.00. \$38.00. Our price only \$26.25.

Our catalogue contains over 600 pieces of the most complete, attractive line of household furniture. It is worth having.

**GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.** "Would you write for it today?"

**Grace Furniture Co.**  
Dept. F  
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without warming closet or reservoir. With high warming closet, porcelain lined reservoir, just as shown in cut, \$17.35; large, square oven, six cooking holes, body made of cold rolled steel. Duplex grate; burns wood or coal. Handsome nickel trimmings, highly polished.

### OUR TERMS

are the most liberal ever made. You can pay after you receive the range. You can take it into your home, use it 30 days. If you don't find it exactly as represented, the biggest bargain you ever saw, equal to stove retailed for double our price, return it to us. We will pay freight both ways.

**Write Today** for our beautifully illustrated **STOVE CATALOGUE NO. S-66**, a postal card will do. 150 styles to select from. Don't buy until you get it.

**MARVIN SMITH CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## Make Your Own Xmas Gifts!



Burnt Wood articles always acceptable! Easily made with our **Gas Pyrography Outfit** \$1 complete. Including 9 articles (3-ply basswood) stamped with beautifully designed boxes, frames, match safe, panels, etc., ready to burn. Dealers would charge \$2.50 to \$3.50 for them. Make 'em yourself by following our instructions. Outfit is practical and safe. All for \$1. Send at once.

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Oct. 12



# Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, October 12, 1907



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## Collier's National Hotel Directory

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<b>Hotel Belvedere</b> 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.50 a day up.	<b>Hotel Martha Washington</b> 29th to 30th St. The famous woman's hotel. Thorough comfort. Moderate.
<b>The Rennett</b> E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.	<b>New Amsterdam</b> 4th Ave. and 21st St. Two blocks use of bath. With private bath \$2.00 up.
<b>CHICAGO, ILL.</b>	<b>Hotel Seville</b> Madison Ave. and 29th St. Absolute quiet in the center of the city. Rates \$2 up. With bath \$2.50 to \$5. Edw. Purchas, Manager.
<b>Chicago Beach Hotel</b> 51st, Blvd. and Lake Shore. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.	<b>The New Wellington</b> 7th Ave. and 55th St. 3 blocks from Central Park. Remodeled and newly furnished throughout. 300 rooms with bath, \$2 upwards. J. F. Champlin.
<b>JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION</b>	<b>PITTSBURGH, PA.</b>
<b>Lynnhaven</b> Norfolk, Va. Ten story fireproof per-125 private baths. Service and equipment unsurpassed. N. C. Dietrich, Manager.	<b>Hotel Anderson</b> Cor. 6th & Penn. Ave. Remodeled and Refurnished. Largest rooms in the city. Am. plan \$3 to \$5 per day. W. M. McKinnie.
<b>MARKLETON, PA.</b>	<b>Hotel Henry</b> 3th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonnevillie, Mgr.
<b>Markleton Sanatorium</b> Open all year. 1750 ft. elev. Treatment of nervous diseases. Finest baths in America. \$15 a week up.	<b>Hotel Schenley</b> Leading hotel in the city. Fireproof. Take car at 6th Ave. and Smithfield St. European plan \$2 a day and up.
<b>NEW ORLEANS, LA.</b>	<b>TROY, N. Y.</b>
<b>The Grunewald</b> Largest, newest and best. Cost \$2,000,000. "Unquestionably the best kept hotel in the South." Rates E. P. \$1 and up.	<b>Rensselaer</b> New. Modeled after Old English Inn. Court yard in the artistic triumph. Grill. Fireproof. Suites with bath. European Plan.
<b>New Denechaud</b> New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.	<b>WASHINGTON, D. C.</b>
<b>NEW YORK, N. Y.</b>	<b>Hotel Driscoll</b> Facing U. S. Capitol and Grounds. Am. and Eu. plan. Modern in its equipment. Booklet on application. E. W. Wheeler, Mgr.
<b>Breslin</b> On Broadway, cor. 29th St. Centre of shopping and theatre district. Everything the best at reasonable prices. 500 large sunlit rooms, 300 with bath.	<b>Hotel Johnson</b> Penn. Ave. & 13th St. In center of city. Circulars furnished, giving points of interest. Am. \$2.50. Eu. \$1 up. E. L. Johnson.
<b>Collingwood</b> West 35th St., near Fifth Ave. Convenient to fashionable shops, clubs and theatres. Modern, fireproof. F. V. Wishart.	<b>The Shoreham</b> Absolutely fire proof. Located in most fashionable section, near White House and Treasury. A. & E. plans. J. T. Devine.
<b>Hotel Endicott</b> 81st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European \$1.50 up.	

### Autumn Resorts

<b>ASBURY PARK, N. J.</b>	<b>JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION</b>
<b>Hotel Marlborough</b> Occupies a commanding corner site on Grand Ave. Electric Elevator. Suites with Bath. \$3 a day and up. A. M. Sexton.	<b>Hotel Chamberlin</b> Fort Monroe, Va. 20 minutes by ferry. Permanent. All the year round resort hotel. \$3 and \$4 per day. European plan. Geo. F. Adams, Mgr.
<b>ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.</b>	<b>"Poynt Comfort" Tavern</b> \$1 and \$3 per day, under same management.
<b>New Belmont</b> Virginia ave. near beach. 6 story brick, steam heat, private baths, sun parlor, elevator. \$2 up daily. \$10 up weekly. W. J. Warrington.	

THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city, and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirtieth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

## Are you going to an Autumn Resort?

Complete information regarding any Resort will be furnished free by Collier's Travel Department. We have special information of the following:

Atlantic City	California	Florida	Pinehurst
Lakewood	Asbury Park	Suburban New York	

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



### Your Winter Plans

should include a trip to

## JAMAICA

2,000 miles of splendid roads for automobilism—All other outdoor sports.

During the tourist season steamers will call at Port Antonio, where the splendid Hotel Titchfield is located. The most ideal way of reaching this island is by the superb

### "PRINZ" STEAMERS

The most modern vessels in the West Indies' Service, with accommodations equal to best transatlantic liners. Weekly sailings. Cruises to the Caribbean, 23 day round trips, calling at Jamaica, Colombia, Costa Rica and Panama, leaving New York every week. Rates \$115 and \$125.

Send for full particulars

### Hamburg-American Line

35-37 BROADWAY, N. Y.

1334 Walnut St., Phila. 109 Randolph St., Chicago  
90 State St., Boston 901 Olive St., St. Louis  
908 Market St., San Francisco



The usual "Laundry-way" figures something like this:  
2 doz. Collars, at \$1.50 . . . \$3.00  
1 doz. pairs Cuffs . . . \$3.00  
Laundrying Collars 365 times . . . \$7.30  
Laundrying Cuffs 156 times . . . \$6.24 \$19.54  
The new "Litholin" way:  
1 doz. Litholin Collars . . . \$1.50  
4 pairs Litholin Cuffs . . . \$2.00 \$3.50 \$16.04  
With a damp cloth they wipe clean and as white as when new. Won't wilt, crack or fray.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Ask for LITHOLIN (Waterproofed Linen) at your shirt store. If not in stock, send style, size and remittance, and we will mail to any address, postpaid.

Catalogue complete with all latest styles free on request

The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 3, 7 Waverly Place, New York



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## PATENTS

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# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

- A—First letter in the row.  
But second in Sapolio.
- B—Starts words like "bear." "be"  
What starts dirt? Sapolio!
- C—Is for Canada, cashier, clerk  
Sapolio don't run away from
- D—For dirt—an exile now,  
Since Sapolio made its bow.
- E—For Easy; work is so,  
If you use Sapolio.
- F—For Fun, which they enjoy  
Who Sapolio's aid employ.
- G—For Girls, good ones think  
Sapolio helps to clean the
- H—For Home, where all is bright  
If Sapolio is used aright.
- I—For Idiot, plainly so—  
Never used Sapolio!
- J—For Jolly; you'll feel so,  
If you use Sapolio.
- K—For Knives, all women  
What cleans them but
- L—For Labor, quickly done  
If with Sapolio's aid be
- M—For Mirth; 'tis good to  
Work is fun with Sap-
- N—For Nonsense, but this  
Sapolio saves no am-
- O—For Orlcloth, bright and  
Made so by Sapolio.
- P—For Pot that blamed  
Sapolio their strife
- Q—For Question all are  
Where can't Sapolio
- R—For Rest, which all  
Who use their wits
- S—For cleaning up it  
For Sapolio—just
- T—For Tidy; such a  
Who use Sapolio
- U—For Utensils of  
Sapolio cleans the
- V—For Village, you  
Sapolio's found
- W—For Women; w  
How to use Sap-
- X—For 'Xtra! cry  
To wit: "Sapo-
- Y—For Youngster  
Sapolio remed-

- 1 Day, in early S  
When homes are
- 2 Maidens met—  
That one was
- 3 Weeks said one, I've worked to clean  
The master's house where I have been.
- 4 Kinds of horrid, cleaning stuff  
I've used, and still I've not enough.
- 5 Hours each day on wall and floor  
I've worked, until I'm sick and sore.
- 6 Years of service I've seen, Kate.  
The other maiden then did state.
- 7 Days each week in all that time  
I've used but one to clean and shine.
- 8 Other girls, too, I know,  
Use nothing but SAPOLIO.
- 9 Cakes of which one year does me,  
Although I use it very free.
- 10 Times the labor you 'twill save,  
And you'll look gay instead of grave.

A wealthy young man had a yacht  
Disfigured by many a spacht;  
Sapolio he tried,  
Which, as soon as applied,  
Immediately took out the yacht.

Our girl o'er the housework would sigh,  
Till Sapolio I urged her to try;  
Now she changes her tune,  
For she's done work at noon,  
Which accounts for the light in her eye.

There's many a domestic imbroglio,  
To describe which would need quite a foglio;  
Might oft be prevented  
If the housewife consented  
To clean out the house with Sapoglio.

Maria's poor fingers would ache,  
When the housework in hand she would tache;  
But her pains were allayed  
When Sapolio's aid  
Her labors quite easy would make.

We have heard of some marvelous soaps  
Whose worth has exceeded our hoaps;  
But it must be confessed  
That Sapolio's the best,  
For with grease spots it easily coaps.

The wife of a popular Colonel  
Whose troubles with "helps" were eternal,  
Now her leisure enjoys,  
For the "new girl" employs  
Sapolio in housework diolonal.

The servant went off in a pique,  
A new situation to seek,  
As the mistress declined  
Some Sapolio to find;  
But she sent for her back in a wique.

Pickle-crocks soon become impregnated  
With the salt and vinegar, and are both  
Disagreeable to have around and impossible  
to use again. As soon as one is emptied it  
should be well and thoroughly scoured with  
Sapolio and warm water and left in the  
sun and air all day. By that time it will  
be sweet as a nut.

## HOUSEKEEPING



# SAPOLIO

### HISTORY EXAMS.

(Effects on Education of Modern Advertising.)

"WHO WAS BORN IN CORNICIA?" (Silence.) "TRY AND THINK—AND DIED IN ST. HELENA!"  
"OH, OF COURSE—I KNOW! THE GREAT SAPOLIO!"

THIS CUT IS TAKEN FROM LONDON PUNCH, IN WHICH IT APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PAGE OF READING MATTER, AND OPPOSITE THE MAIN CARTOON OF THE WEEK. IF THE ADVERTISING OF SAPOLIO HAD NOT MADE THAT NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN, PUNCH WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN IT THIS PROMINENCE. IT SEEMS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT IT WAS UNSOLICITED, AND WITHOUT PRICE—£1,000 WOULD SCARCELY BUY SUCH RECOGNITION. SUCH IS FAME.

"Where honey is, there you will find bees." Where cleanliness is, there you will find Sapolio.

"Never make a mountain of a molehill," as you will if you attempt to clean house without Sapolio.

"Take by persuasion, not by force," as Sapolio says, when it obliterates all dirt from culinary utensils.

"Nothing in life is permanent," observed Sapolio, when it made the rust on the pots and pans disappear as if by magic.

"Never be weary of well doing," and never cease to use Sapolio.

"Out of sight, out of mind," said Sapolio, when it caused a large dirt-spot on the bathtub to evanesce.

"Give way to the powerful," said Sapolio to the host of worthless imitators.

"No pot is so ugly as not to find a cover." No dishpan is so dirty that it may not be cleaned by Sapolio.

It is easy enough to fix a scale of prices that will cover cost of rent, taxes, depreciation of stock, and every other item of expenditure, in theory, because theoretically when an article is bought it is also paid for. But in practice every merchant knows that a certain though variable proportion of the goods sold at his store will never be paid for, and will appear on his books as bad debts.

A Kentuckian with a huge whisky jug asked a country man to take him in a wagon a few miles over a hill.

"How much will it be worth?"  
"Oh, a couple of swigs out of that jug will be about right."

After the journey had been made and the driver had taken a swig, he said: "Stranger, I am a peaceable man, but unless you want to be full of lead to-night, you had better find out a new way to carry your molasses."

Tea stains in cups and pitchers are very obstinate and are often considered indelible. They can, however, always be removed by Sapolio and a brisk rub.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Housework is always hard on the hands, but there is a variety of ways in which they can be spared, such as never letting the dirt get ahead of you. A little Sapolio used every day will keep the house so clean that you need never wet more than the finger tips while washing paint, etc.

Dishwashing would not be half so unpleasant if the dishpan and sink were scrupulously clean. It is the accumulation of grease that disgusts. Rub off both with Sapolio every morning and the after-meal clearing-up will be robbed of half its terrors.

The old bugbear of spring cleaning is fast becoming a thing of the past. It is so easy to keep the whole house in perfect condition by daily use of Sapolio that there is no necessity for an upheaval once or twice a year.

There is nothing more unsightly on a table than stained steel knives, and nothing is easier to prevent. There is no necessity for laboring with bath brick or rotten stone, and a cork, as our mothers did. A damp cloth rubbed over the cake of Sapolio and then on the stained blades will make them bright and inviting in an instant.

If a child dreads the daily bath, make a play of it. Keep rubber toys especially for the occasion, and scour the tub daily with Sapolio so that it will look bright and inviting.

Kettles and saucepans will boil more quickly if they are shining clean. Rub them up with Sapolio every time they are used and they will be little trouble.

Do not insult a good servant by requiring her to keep things clean by the use of cheap imitations of Sapolio. Get her the genuine article and she will be happy and contented, no matter if the work is heavy.

A penny saved is a penny gained; a penny is not saved by buying a soft, useless scouring soap for a few cents less than old reliable Sapolio.

Butter and milk soon catch and retain all odors of dirt or grease near where they are placed, and become not only distasteful, but unhealthful. Keep the refrigerator shelves and all the jars and crocks sweet and clean by water and Sapolio.

Many otherwise tidy housekeepers are careless about the condition of the broiler, and go from mackerel to steak, or even further, with only a wipe or a rinse. Broilers need Sapolio and elbow grease every day as much as and even more than the other kitchen ware.

The bread-board will never be in good order if its cleansing is limited to scraping off, and then wiping with a damp cloth. If it is well washed with Sapolio every time it is used, the bread, biscuit and pie-crust will be improved thereby.

Pitchers in which water stands for any length of time accumulate a sediment which is ugly and unwholesome. All such pitchers should be wiped out daily and thoroughly cleaned with Sapolio once a week.

### HELP WANTED.

WANTED, by a builder, a strong boy to clean marble mantles; pay, 20 cents an hour; Sapolio supplied. Booth, 5 Spring street.

WANTED, by a grocer, a clerk who understands arranging stock so that the paying articles, such as Sapolio, may be well displayed. Good wages to the right man. Block, 42 Trade street.

WANTED, by a girl born and bred in Spotless Town, a situation to do general housework in a small family; will buy her own Sapolio. Mary Fair, 3 Home street.

WANTED, by a family on Bright street, a strong, good-natured girl for upstairs work; must be fond of children and willing to use Sapolio. Address, for two days, Mrs. X., Box 23, SAPOLIO TIMES.

WANTED, by a traveling man, room and board in the west side of Spotless Town, on the line of the Brilliant Hill cars. S. A. Polio, 439 East street.

WANTED, a second-hand bathtub, also kitchen sink; must be in good condition, and well cleaned up with Sapolio. Fair price will be paid. Address Saving, care of SAPOLIO TIMES.

BOARDERS WANTED—Good board, and pleasant, sunny rooms for young men; Sapolio salesmen preferred. Mrs. Knowing, 1 Bright street.

WANTED, a case of dirt and grease that Sapolio can not cure; substantial reward will be paid. Address any grocer in town.

WANTED, by a competent cook, situation in a family where Sapolio is provided. Very good on family cooking and bread-making. Neat, Box A, SAPOLIO TIMES.

WANTED, something that will clean paint and woodwork; have tried Scrubine, Cleanine and seven kinds of powder. Despair, Box 8, Dingy Village.



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# Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, October 12, 1907



## The Boss of Breathitt

In Kentucky there is a geographical division which is euphemistically called "Bloody Breathitt," though the shooting radius extends farther than from the centre of that county to its edge. In this area, political murders have become so frequent that the world outside of Breathitt is beginning to ask: "Why?" While Powers, confined in jail, charged with procuring the murder of Governor Goebel, goes on growing in political stature, the Breathitt victims are picked off one by one, and no one is even imprisoned for any considerable time. There is a politician in Breathitt, Judge James Hargis, by your leave, whose sway is so complete that the gun-man of that region believes that if he belongs to the right party he need not fear the law. It is a curiously primitive, plastic, and savage type of human that Judge Hargis uses and protects. Breathitt's story is crammed with persons astonishing in our civilization. It is full of incidents that show its characters "bark-rough and blood-rar." It will appear next week, and on October 26 will be printed the story of Caleb Powers and his various trials for murder, another of which is soon to take place.

## The Case of Mary Adams

The following letter has come to Collier's from a resident of Winsted, Connecticut:

"Editor, Fake Department.  
"DEAR SIR:  
"Enclosed please find a copy of a local paper, with clippings marked. The lady died from the trouble which the ad. claims she was cured of, and the funeral notice is on the opposite side of the sheet from where they call your attention to her good health. Hope you can use this to show up the fakes who prey on the sick."

**A HAPPY COMBINATION.**  
Dr. Richards' Dyspepsia Tablets Cure the Young and Rejuvenate the Old.  
Mrs. Mary C. Adams of 24 Adams Street, Winsted, Conn., writes all stomach suffers in Winsted to know that she owes her present good health to a course of treatment with Dr. Richards' Dyspepsia Tablets which cure dyspepsia.  
Her own words:  
"Dr. Richards' Dyspepsia Tablets are certainly a boon to old people who suffer from indigestion and kindred complaints. I had become disgusted with my stomach. All I can say in conclusion is that I am now enjoying better health than I have for years. And as I have been cured by Dr. Richards' Dyspepsia Tablets I hope this letter will be published and will be the cause of getting other stomach sufferers to try your grand remedy."

**MRS. MARY ADAMS JOINS SILENT MAJORITY.**  
Subscribed to Dropsy Wednesday Night—Had Resigned Here 42 Years.  
Mrs. Mary Adams passed away at her home on Adams street Wednesday evening at 8:30, aged 75. She had been seriously ill with dropsy for two months and the end was expected.  
Mrs. Adams came to Winsted from Hartford 42 years ago and during her residence here had made numerous friends who held her in highest esteem. She was a member of the First Congregational church. She leaves two children, A. W. Adams, the shoe merchant, and Mrs. Bertha L. Adams, who tenderly cared for her mother during her last sickness.  
Funeral services will be held in the chapel of the First Congregational church Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. George W. Judson officiating. Burial will be in Forest View cemetery.

These two clippings—one a testimonial wherein Mrs. Adams recites her complete restoration to health through the efficacy of a patent medicine, and the other an account of her death—both appeared in the same issue of the Winsted, Connecticut, "Evening Citizen." They throw some light on the value of patent-medicine testimonials. Every little while we think that we've said as much about quacks as we ought, considering the proportions of all the other things in the world. But we receive a good many letters like this, and the patent-medicine fraud is arrant and persistent. The second of Mr. Adams's articles on "Religious Journalism and the Great American Fraud" appears in the present issue. A little later on we shall have articles dealing with some other aspects of the trade in nostrums.



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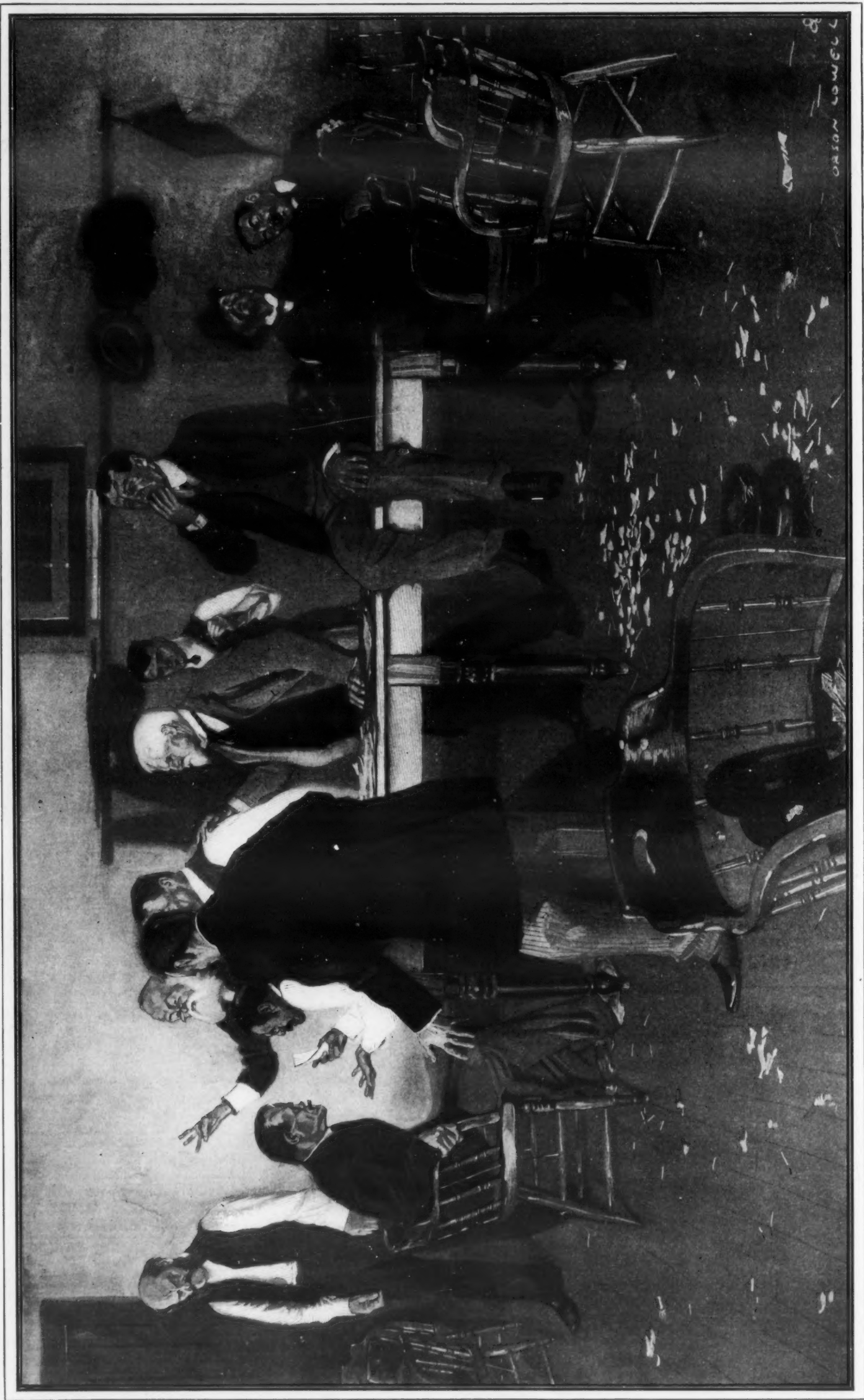
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Drawn by

ORSON LOWELL

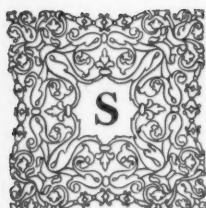


# Collier's

## The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street  
NEW YORK

October 12, 1907



### Life Seen Large

**S**PEAKING OF SAINT-GAUDENS, a younger sculptor spoke words to us the other day which, in themselves and with their manner, we would fain recall. But that may not be. The only salvage is a broken fragment here and there. "His greatness," said our friend, "was in the way he brought the big things out. A thousand years from now men will look at the monument to SHERMAN, and they will not discuss the bridle or the sword, but they will feel the man, the angel, and the horse, and say: 'Such were the spirit and the event.'" A fine sentence, that, *the spirit and the event*; a grand spirit; a huge event; and filtered through a sweet and mighty soul. In those colloquial terms that Americans love even too well, our sculptor friend went on: "What is the girl's name, up there? you know; the Bacchante. A thing in its class not to be surpassed; it gives you a little feeling, for a moment, and the modeling is perfect. You can not beat it on its terms, but what is it? What is it, to the lady there in Washington? By —, I never see her but she makes me gloomy for a week. And take the soldier downtown by the City Hall—I think you call him HALE; again, beyond all question in detail, the straps, the sword, the coat; and it is well to have such skill—we ought to get it in America—but it won't prove much a century from now."

### Hughes

**I**N THE NEW DAWN of political morality, which means straightness in the course, honor, simple truth, and devotion to the welfare of those whom an official represents, we know of no one who is a more cheering example than the Governor of New York. What he does is right. What he says is bold and wise. The cobwebs of "practical politics" are brushed aside in his unencumbered process. The country more and more, apparently, begins to watch. The more it watches, the better for the country.

### Generosity

**O**F ALL MEN, who has given away to public purposes the greatest proportion of his wealth? Put your mind to it and see if you know of any one who has given twenty-five per cent. We like to exaggerate riches, as we like sometimes to exaggerate villainy and virtue, for it all helps make drama, which we love. Now, Mr. ROCKEFELLER's fortune has apparently never been as much as \$300,000,000. He has given away about a hundred millions. Will some one kindly remind us of a rich man, or a poor man, or any kind of a man, who has given away one-quarter of all he had?

### Travel

**T**HE FAR-REACHING ABILITY of our Secretary of State needs no further proof, but his trip to Mexico is another demonstration of his gift for mastering his assignment of labor, whatever it may be. He does not stay at home and guess. He goes about and sees, and understands what he sees, and thereby adds direct experience to the strength given by an extraordinary brain.

### Who's Who in South America

**T**HE BEST BOOK we know on South America is "A America Latina." It is written in Portuguese by MANOEL BOMFIM, a Brazilian. Those familiar with BAGEHOT's "Physics and Politics," and similar works which treat the state as an organism which is influenced by heredity, grows and decays, will readily understand Senhor BOMFIM's point of view. His book is an analysis of parasitism as it has developed in Latin America. The Spanish and Portuguese conquerors, inflamed with their national idea of conquest and spoliation—parasitism, in a word, living without work—fell upon and ravaged the Southern continent. While a healthy political organism was spontaneously growing up in North America, in the less fortunate continent this system of parasitism was being worked out to the unhappy end. The colony over the captive,

the crown treasury over the colony, religious absolutism over all. How the later manifestations of this parasitism explain the social and political phenomena of the South America of to-day is too long a story to tell here, although if the book were translated, North Americans could get a clearer understanding of their sister continent than they ever have had before. The present cause of these remarks is this: Grateful delight, inspired by Senhor BOMFIM's book, led us to inquire into his personal history. Was he a native of Brazil; politician or scientist; what corner of that mysterious country was his abode?—this the appreciative reader wished to know. Up to the present moment, none can tell. The Brazilian Consulate, the Brazilian Embassy in Washington, the Bureau of American Republics—none of these can tell anything about the author of the best book on South America. One "has an idea that his first name is MANOEL." Is not this a picturesque example of that ignorance which Latin-Americans have of each other, no less than North Americans have of them? Says one: "Some one should publish a 'Who's Who in South America.' I have tried to get a number of people interested in it, but have not succeeded as yet in getting any one to take it up." Some sort of light ought surely to be struck in all this darkness.

### St. Louis to Memphis

**D**EEP WATERWAYS form a topic of such vast industrial importance to our country, of such immense potential bearing on our future welfare, that the best thought of Americans may well be concentrated on that subject. The trip of the President and the Governors of the Mississippi States is worth the making even if it do no more than stimulate such thought. Undoubtedly it will do more. It will bring actual information, of the kind that only direct investigation on the spot can bring, to a group of men whose influence on legislation and on public opinion is very strong. Whatever turns out to be practicable, there can be no doubt that waterways are a profound strength to any nation, and that the time should come when they will play a far greater role in the United States than they play now.

### Chicago's Good

**A** REFRESHING TONE has been breathed of late by the officials of the Sanitary and Ship Canal from Chicago to Lake Joliet, begun in 1892 and completed in 1900, and forming the beginning of the projected Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway. In a statement to the Legislature of Illinois the board speaks without rhetoric but without reserve of the active opposition of the Economy Light and Power Company. In endeavoring to carry out its original purpose of relieving the city of Joliet from flood waters, providing an outlet for its sewers, maintaining the level of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, removing the hazard caused by the Economy Company's dam, and making a safe channel for the flow of the canal, the district must complete its main channel to Lake Joliet. There a fall in the level of the water is such as to make the development of electrical power a profitable investment. Now, who is to get the profit? The public or an electric company? The district board says the public should have the proceeds of this natural advantage. The Economy Company, of course, says not. The original speculators paid \$76,000 for certain lands at Hickory Creek below Joliet, which they now value at \$3,000,000, because of the power arising from the flow of the canal. They were speculators because they relied for their big profits on the favor of bodies of public trustees on whom they could bring the usual influence. In taking these lands, as is necessary to the plan, the district now asks that the right amount to pay be left to a jury. The Economy Company also naturally opposes before the Legislature a deep waterway, with a concentration and energy hardly to be aroused in the uninformed public. The Economy Company busily circulates stories intended to frighten Joliet, whereas the district board of trustees finds the real source of opposition in the attempt of the Economy Company to secure in perpetuity a proportion of the power to be created by the flow of the canal, an outrageous but too familiar species of sucking

the public blood. The Illinois Legislature will be watched with interest during the present month. It faces the familiar American story of the public-service corporation and the people, and such questions are seldom decided correctly by Legislatures unless the people are very much alive to them.

## Water in the Future

THE IMPROVEMENT of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio Rivers, with their principal tributaries, such as the Monongahela, the lower Wabash, Illinois, Wisconsin, St. Croix, Tennessee, and Arkansas, is a movement that Eastern people know comparatively little about. As it is not dramatic or spectacular it attracts less attention than its importance calls for. Possibly all the river improvement which is necessary could be accomplished for the cost of transporting our fleet to the Pacific Coast. The people of the Central West are awakening to the fact that they must use their rivers. An educational campaign in that region has been conducted for the last four or five years with ability. One can not sit through a meeting of the Trans-Mississippi Congress without realizing that thinking Westerners regard this as the most important subject which is discussed. The Missouri River Improvement Association is undertaking the establishment of a freight channel as far as Omaha. When this has been accomplished, and its value demonstrated, they will carry a channel on a nine-foot draft up as far as Montana. The Upper Mississippi Improvement Association is planning a nine-foot channel as far as St. Paul. This will admit of freight transportation during the open season by the smaller packet boats, which run about from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet over all. They ask nine feet because they think it impossible to secure at this time anything better. The United States engineers report that there is no reason why a twelve or fifteen foot channel can not be carried from New Orleans up to St. Paul. When this channel on the main river has received full attention, efforts will be made to channel the St. Croix, which is a very important short waterway, reaching up almost to Duluth, and to improve the Wisconsin, the Illinois, and the Des Moines. The Ohio River Improvement Association is working for a twelve-foot improvement from Pittsburg to Cairo, and will later undertake to perfect the channel of the Monongahela, Kanawha, Kentucky, and the lower part of the Wabash. The lower Mississippi asks for a deep channel from St. Louis to New Orleans, with a corresponding channel on the Arkansas from its mouth as far up as Tulsa, in Oklahoma, and a corresponding improvement on the Tennessee River as far up as Chattanooga. This would mean that North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, West Virginia, western Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana would be subject only to short hauls by rail on all their crude products and on all their heavy manufactured material. Its commercial advantage to the whole Mississippi Valley would be too great to estimate. The engineers who surveyed the upper Mississippi, from St. Louis to St. Paul, estimated that a nine-and-a-half-foot channel, at low water, which would be an adequate channel, could be made for about fifteen million dollars, or the cost of three cruisers of the class of the *North Carolina* or *Montana*. The German Government now has on foot similar improvements for that country to cost from one hundred to one hundred and fifty million dollars. Water transportation is destined to come into its own.

## Probably

PHILADELPHIA some months ago faced the problem with which Chicago had just been busy—an adjustment of relations with its street-car corporation, which should be permanent for some generations. In such negotiations there are at least two parties, the public and the corporation, and if the result is to be a settlement, and not a gold-brick operation, the attitude of the two must be continuously hostile. In Philadelphia a self-appointed body, consisting only of the seven or eight proprietors of department stores, succeeded in getting itself recognized as the representative of the public, and its plan was ultimately adopted. In this the Retail Merchants' Association was aided by the silence of the Philadelphia newspapers, in which the merchants are large advertisers. At the time, we voiced the question of many Philadelphians whether the Retail Merchants were not more interested in subway entrances to their stores, and in their personal relations with the large traction interests, than in the strap-hangers; and we intimated that if the press of Philadelphia was not gagged it was time for their attention. There were attempts at public meetings and a postal-card canvass of the city in protest, but the inertness of the press made all this futile. Now comes the news that the lawyers employed by the Retail Merchants have sent in a bill for \$200,000, and that the bill has been passed on up to the Rapid Transit Company, a situation which throws light on the exact degree of heat in the hostility between the two parties to the

settlement of Philadelphia's street-car problem. The Philadelphia "Ledger" says "it is probable that the extra-professional services of counsel were also useful in withholding opposition to the plan." And we think the "Ledger" is right.

## CO<sub>2</sub> Automobile

THE TYPICAL PROMOTER has an imagination like that of a romantic youth, and his appetite suggests a cinnamon bear in spring. Established enterprises soon become stale to him. A swindle that has lost the bloom of novelty is cast aside, and a new fairy story born. From the CO<sub>2</sub> Automobile Company of Philadelphia comes a prospectus which convinces us that pedlers of mining stocks are prosaic. This genius gives assurance that he can construct a motor to run an automobile, provided it is no more than thirty-five horse-power, at a cost of less than fifty cents a month. The material he means to utilize is something that we have always thrown away. "It can be bought at retail for eight cents or less a pound, and all that is required to operate an automobile is half a pound. This being used over and over, as is done by our method, will run the machine almost indefinitely." This is attractive, but it turns out that it is not carbonic acid gas, at eight cents a pound, that he wishes to sell, but shares in a CO<sub>2</sub> Development Company, at twenty-five dollars each. If we send ten thousand dollars for four hundred shares, we shall receive stock in this and other enterprises of a par value of forty thousand dollars. The returns on the investment will far exceed the forty thousand dollars. This bargain is offered to us, but not wishing to be rich ourselves, we will turn it over to whoever sends the ten thousand dollars first.

## Breaking Records

STOKERS ARE the most unreasonable of men. Instead of being fleeced in the smoke-room, sunburnt on deck, eating indigestible food four or five times a day in the saloon, all they have to do is to stay down in the quiet bowels of the ship and shovel coal. No steamer rugs to bother with down there—not Panama nor the Gold Coast itself is safer from chilly winds. No yawning, idle hours; no atrocious females, whether the drowsy, owly old ones or the young kind in yachting suits with anchors. Cabin passengers walk miles and don't increase the ship's speed as much as a millionth of a knot. The stoker knows that every swing of his back and arms pushes the leviathan forward a little farther, a little faster. If enough men keel over during the day, three or four miles can actually be added to the five hundred and thirty which otherwise would have constituted a day's run. All the stories in the papers, the congratulatory speeches at banquets, the international jealousies, depend on these grimy lads down below. It's a responsibility that ought to thrill any imaginative man in every fibre. If each stoking-crew only had the enthusiasm and sporting spirit to work itself to death, there is no telling where the records might go. Why should these men want to eat at all? Does the racehorse stop to munch grass as he lunges toward the wire? Yet, if the cable reports of the great *Lusitania's* return voyage are to be trusted, they will insist. They even go to the length of growing "sullen" when their grub is badly cooked or short in measure. "On Sunday night, when twenty-six hours from New York, they assumed an attitude of open defiance, alleging that they were receiving improper and insufficient food." Plainly illogical, not to say outrageous. The ship had been gaining time steadily and, as the log shows, continued to gain time until the following Thursday. "A begrimed deputation of twenty-five came up from the hold through the luxurious saloon apartments to the bridge, bearing pots and pans of steaming victuals. Captain Watt pacified them, but only for a time. Throughout the trip their work continued loose and half-hearted, at times approaching absolute inefficiency." Sooty boots on the velvet rugs, the deplorable odor of "scouse" and "salt-horse" mingling with the *poussin* with grapes and the mushrooms *sous cloches* of the first-cabin table. Clearly the London correspondent of the New York "Sun" writes truly when he says: "A more refractory, a more stubborn, and a more malcontent collection never fed a furnace."

## Seven to Six

ENGLAND GRIEVES over the departed glory of her athletes, but what is her grief compared to the woe into which a recent sporting event in our island possessions has plunged the American nation? A baseball team from a Yankee warship landed in Honolulu, and was defeated by a Chinese nine. Seven to six, the score; figures of shame, totaling up to the numerical emblem of disaster. Patriotism seeks solace in considering the natural advantages of the Orientals. Undoubtedly a fielder with a sleeve two yards in circumference can, by spreading himself out basket-wise, minimize the chance of missing a fly, while a Mandarin with a finger-nail three feet long possesses capabilities in the matter



of taking a lead off a base. Moreover, finding refuge in the national creed, for such cases made and provided, we assert our conviction that the umpire was unfair. But, after all allowances, the bitter fact remains that nine pig-tailed Celestials have defeated the United States Navy. How slight a trifle is the Japanese "crisis." What a new and sinister phase the yellow peril assumes! Let Mr. ROOSEVELT moor his westward-ho-ing fleet to a drydock, and instead despatch the winner of the post-graduate baseball series, disguised as United States tars, out to Hawaii. After it is all over and a satisfactory score—say 47-0—is chalked up on the boards, the American eagle may again exhume its head and essay a scream. Until such time let us leave to darkness and the moth-ball the mastery of the Pacific.

## A Hero Gone

LESS THAN A YEAR AGO this paper was asked to lend its support to a bill then pending in Congress to advance an army surgeon named CARROL from the grade of First Lieutenant to Major. The bill became a law before COLLIER'S had an opportunity to say anything about it, and now comes the news that Major CARROL is dead. What we should have said with the purpose of securing a small addition in pay for a soldier crippled in living up to a high conception of duty can be said now with somewhat more tenderness in memory of a martyr. In 1899, when our troops were garrisoning Cuba and our men were dying of yellow fever, a board of medical officers was appointed to investigate the disease. The active members of this board were Major WALTER REED, Surgeon United States Army, and Acting Assistant Surgeons LAZEAR and CARROL. By a series of experiments matchless in their thoroughness and accuracy, and in their fearless disregard of consequences to themselves, they demonstrated absolutely that yellow fever is communicated from one person to another by a certain mosquito and in that way only. Our recollection of the details of the incident is that these surgeons procured mosquitoes, placed them where they could make certain the mosquitoes would be infected by the yellow-fever germ, then put the infected insects in a glass jar, into which each surgeon plunged his hand and held it there until it was several times bitten. The quality of their act should not be confused with the more or less common case of a physician who experiments on himself in order to prove a cure in which he has faith. Such a man expects to cure himself; these three army surgeons made their experiments without any such sustaining faith, and were conscious of deliberately undergoing a very much greater risk.

## Victories of Peace

THE RANK AND IMPORTANCE of what they proved it is difficult to make laymen understand—especially those in cooler latitudes who never know the terror of yellow fever. Men of science rank it with JENNER'S discovery of vaccination, and LISTER'S invention of aseptic surgery. But the fate of these surgeons is perfectly intelligible. Major REED, broken in health, returned to the United States, and lived long enough to get an honorary degree from Harvard. A popular subscription is now being taken to build a monument to him. Dr. LAZEAR was a victim to his own devotion to the work; he died from yellow fever after permitting infected mosquitoes to bite him. Dr. CARROL, more fortunate, recovered from the disease following experimental inoculation, but he never knew a well day after he plunged his hand into the fatal jar. Major REED'S widow has a pension of \$125 a month from the United States; Dr. LAZEAR'S receives \$17. There is no person who is not touched near to the depths of his capacity for admiration by the thought of these men. Their monuments should be set up for inspiration in every school throughout the land where youths are taught to become physicians.

## Tending Children

"DURING HIS RECENT VISIT to this city," writes a correspondent from the West, "President ROOSEVELT had his attention called to my family, who were occupying an open conveyance along his path of travel, and he spoke of us to certain

dignitaries who accompanied him as illustrating his ideal of a happy, healthy, interesting, and ambitious family. Be that as it may, we certainly met the problems as they came; we took over the responsibility of caring for all the children God saw fit to send us; and we have to-day the strength, the poise, and the inclination to meet every problem as it arises and solve it as to us seems best." Now what is this solution? Part of the letter of our friend is this:

"I was married at twenty to a girl somewhat my junior, and we were dependent then and have been since solely on my earnings, which have ranged from about \$500 the first year to about \$2,000 annually in recent years. We have been married now for nearly nineteen years, have lived in this growing capital city all of that time, and are the parents of five children ranging in age from seventeen years to eight years.

"It was a part of our plan that the mother should prepare the children to begin the day while I prepared the morning meal, when alone, or directed its preparation when we had help, and the wife prepared the mid-day and evening meals when alone, or directed them when we had help. In either instance it fell to my lot to care for the children during the preparation and serving of the mid-day and evening meals. It also was a part of our plan that we devote ourselves to the children. If we played cards at all, it was after the children were put to bed. If we went to the theatre or to church, it was only on those rare occasions when there was competent help at hand or we felt justified in employing 'day labor' temporarily. On special occasions, such as during temporary illness of the wife or children, we employed 'day labor' or a nurse by the week, the latter at a wage ranging from \$7 to \$20 per week."

## One Family Happy

AFTER DESCRIBING in some detail the typical progress toward success of an industrious Western household, the above correspondent proceeds:

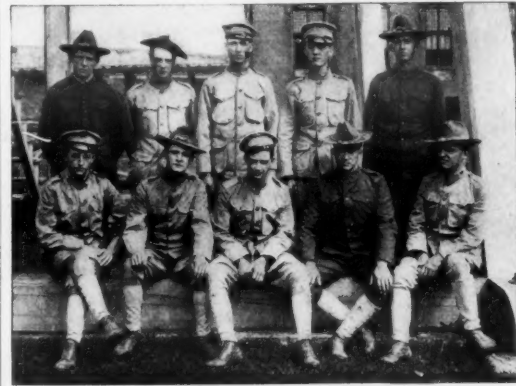
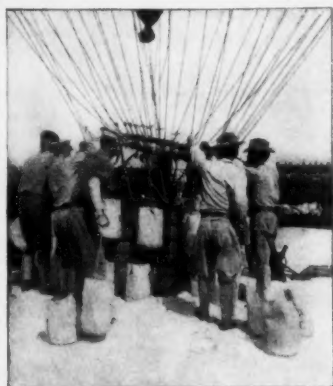
"We continued in the same way in the new home for some time, and the wife's health became impaired to the extent that she was very nervous and apprehensive of misfortune, and not strong. Our youngest child was about one year of age, was frail, and suffered from colicky conditions, was being fed exclusively on a prominent prepared food recommended by our family physician, and was so thin and starved-looking that it was predicted by our friends that our spell of 'good luck' was about to end and we would lose her.

"However, at this moment a fortunate circumstance arose and a happy thought occurred to the wife. Opportunity offered to purchase a horse, harness, and road wagon at a reasonable price and on credit. At the moment we were paying a competent servant \$4.50 per week with board and room. The wife proposed that we do without the servant and buy the horse and wagon. It marked the upward turn in our domestic life. Thereafter we made it a practise to hurry through the morning work and let the wife and one or more of the children drive extensively in the suburbs and country. I frequently met them early in the evening several miles out and partook with them of a picnic supper, after which we returned at nine or ten o'clock to our home. We sent our family washing to a laundry where it was done rough dry (flat ironed) at five cents per pound; we bought whole-wheat bread at a bakery; we did without pies or cakes; we bought and preserved what fruit we needed; we ate freely of fruits and fresh fish in season; and we employed 'day labor' one to two days per week to do the ironing, scrubbing, heavy sweeping, washing of woodwork, and twice-a-year housecleaning.

"Since we commenced this plan no serious illness has visited us; the wife and youngest child have been built up in strength, energy, and ambition; 'nerves' are practically unknown, and we are absolutely independent of the domestic-service problem. Only this morning, while the wife prepared the younger children for breakfast, and, with the assistance of the second child, did up the chamber work, our son—the third child—groomed and fed the horse, cared for the chickens, and gave me an order for feed, while I started our simple breakfast and turned it over within fifteen minutes to our eldest daughter to be finished and served. I devoted some ten minutes to the morning paper, another ten to making plans for the day, and departed for my office at 7:30. The first and third daughters drove to their music teacher at 9 o'clock and returned at 10; the boy departed at 7:45 on the trolley car to a summer school where he will study until noon in an effort to make a grade and enter the high school; the second and fourth girls and the wife will drive to the country this afternoon, while the older girl goes to a distant part of the city to give a riding lesson to another.

"It is my definite conviction and conclusion that with fresh air, exercise, and simple living these problems can be met and solved promptly and rightly; and without these three things or their equivalents such problems can not be solved. Under right conditions the serious illness of a child or an enforced deprivation of common necessities for a time may be calmly and philosophically met; while in the absence of such conditions five minutes' delay of a street car, failure of a merchant to deliver a purchase promptly, or inability to attend a fashionable lecture or play becomes a heartrending experience."

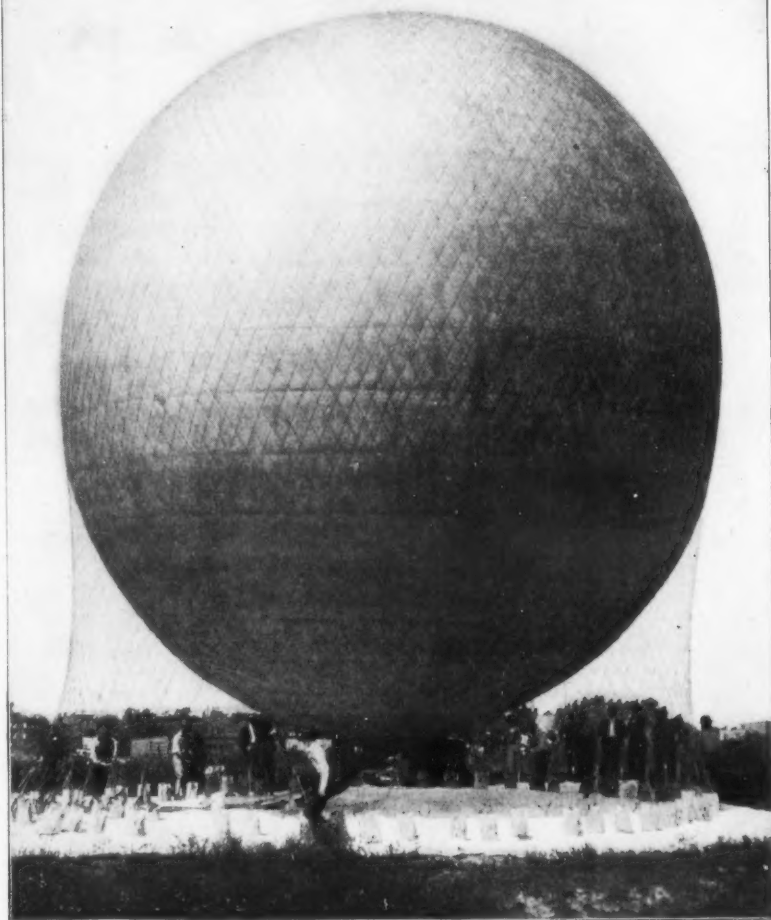
This is philosophy, "divine philosophy," the philosophy of experience; the encouragement of Nature; speaking forth the health and happiness of responsibility accepted, the dignity and worth of life's elements and life's simplest truths.



TEN men have been selected from the Signal Corps stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia, to be trained as aeronauts, and to form the nucleus of our army balloon corps. Their first experimental ascension was made in Washington, September 20. The balloon rose to an altitude of four thousand feet. Although the trip was without special incident, it had the encouraging result of showing that the ten men, with only a few days' instruction, could manage all the preliminaries. These soldiers will train others, and every effort will be made to put the United States Army on a footing with the French, German, and other armies which have utilized aerial navigation. Congress will be asked to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars for the work. Within the next fortnight the contract will be awarded for the first dirigible balloon to be built for the War Department. The balloon will be about 190 feet in length, with a capacity of fifty thousand cubic feet. It will have two 120-horsepower French engines and is expected to make in quiet air thirty-five miles an hour. It will cost the Government sixty thousand dollars. Such an airship will, of course, require skilled operators. Hitherto there has been nothing to do but to let the balloon drift, but with dirigibles we shall have to learn the art of actual navigation. It is probable that a large tract of land will be secured in Pennsylvania for an experimental station. The coming international balloon competition at St. Louis in November will give the balloonists and aeronauts of this country an opportunity to compete with those of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany.

## Our Army Balloon Corps

*The Newest Branch of Uncle Sam's Military Establishment Inaugurates its Work with an Ascension from Fort Meyer*







THE LATE MATAJIRO TSUKUNE  
Former President of the Oriental Trading Company and the wealthiest Japanese in Seattle



OFFICES OF THE ORIENTAL TRADING COMPANY  
Originally an employment office in Seattle, this has become the most powerful company in Japanese America

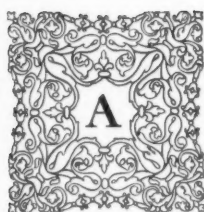


C. T. TAKAHASHI OF SEATTLE  
Acting President of the Oriental Trading Company and founder of the Japanese Association

# The Japanese and the Pacific Coast

*The Second Article of the Series dealing with the Anti-Oriental Sentiment that has Lately Developed in the Northwest*

By WILL IRWIN



A way station in Montana the Northern Pacific train rolled past a repair gang—little men in wide straw hats who turned up at us a row of brown, inquisitive faces. "Japs!" growled a Californian in the smoking compartment; and a new topic of conversation arose and raged. The Californian told how a Japanese tailor, being offended, had stamped upon a pair of his trousers—"and no Jap ever got a cent of my money after that," he said. The Oregon State Senator cursed a Japanese labor bureau which had broken a losing contract with him. "We had five Japanese cooks in six months—no more of them for me," said a Seattle man. The rest, though they had no specific instances to offer, spoke one and all in distrust and vague dislike of the Japanese. "But it looks as if we had to have 'em," said the Californian. "No more Chinese, and fruit rotting in the back country." "Yes, you sure have to have 'em," said the Oregonian. "Say, don't you wish they'd let in fifty thousand more Chinese?" "Don't we!" sighed the Californian. That smoking-room symposium, at the very entrance to the Japanese line on the Pacific Coast, was a summary of Western opinion on the Japanese in America.

The Japanese appeared more and more frequently as we drew West. At Livingstone a gang of Japanese laborers piled into the smoker of the day coaches. They were little brown boys, smiling, enthusiastic, chattering, clean as to faces and linen. We passed that morning two construction cars on a siding. The first, holding Greeks, was streaked with dirt, bordered with refuse. From the second peered three Japanese heads. The outside of this car was scrubbed clean, and rows of geraniums and dwarf pines stood along the window ledges.

In Spokane, on the western border of Washington, I found the first real Japanese colony. There most of the minor servants about the hotels, such as bell-boys, dish-washers, and cleaners, are Japanese. At a way station farther on was a Japanese driving a farm wagon. In a patch of forest three little brown men, looking like ants about a straw, toiled with a big log. They appeared at every station as we approached Seattle. Finally, in the city itself, one finds a Japanese colony of about 3,000, headquarters for their 8,000 countrymen in Washington and for several thousand more who work along the railroads in Idaho, Montana, and North Dakota. "Only three thousand Japanese and all this fuss!" says New York, remembering how Ellis Island clears 5,000 immigrants any fine day in spring and summer. But 3,000 people in Seattle are equal to 60,000 in New York; of the most assimilable race, this would be a colony worth considering.

The Japanese invasion is really no problem at all at Seattle. For industrial conditions in Washington, Oregon, and the Pacific Northwest in general, may be called normal from the American point of view.

Seattle is a transplanted East, with the Eastern spirit "sped up" by Western hustle. It has none of those singular industrial conditions, none of those psychological peculiarities which set off California from the rest of the United States. Lumbering is the mainstay of its industries, and will be until the northern forest is thinned out. Behind the lumberman comes the farmer, to clear the land and raise the heavy staple crops. Small farms with resident working owners are the rule; lordly estates the exception. So the State of Washington, in relation to the Japanese, typifies the Middle West, the Northwest, even the East; it shows what the greater part of this country may expect from a general Japanese invasion.

Under these conditions, the Northwestern Japanese, except when he goes into household service, is a laborer at hard tasks or a barterer of labor and its supplies. Japanese common labor is the support and mainstay of the colony at Seattle. In the back country he does work on railroad construction, performs the meaner tasks about sawmills, operates machines in the canning factories, and engages in the lighter branches of farming, such as berry-picking and milking. Under the conditions which he meets he is seldom a first-class laborer. Fundamentally, the Japanese are too small in stature for really hard work in competition with Caucasians. After the Russian war it was the fashion to regard them as physical marvels. For military purposes they are, doubtless; the great marching armies of the world have often been small men. But in heavy work, pure bulk counts. A poorly built man of 160 pounds has the leverage on a physical marvel of 120. These stout little men can not compare as laborers with the six-foot Scandinavians of the northern woods.

## The Japs Receive the Smaller Wage

THE railroad contractors of the Northwest take Japanese as a last resort. No prejudice enters into this—simply business calculation. The scale of wages, which varies with localities, reflects this preference. For example, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company paid its scarce American and Scandinavian laborers on "extra gangs" \$2.25 a day last year. The Italians got \$1.75; the Japanese \$1.50. Perhaps a more illuminating wage scale was that paid by the Southern Pacific Company in the San Joaquin Valley of California. There the Japanese stand relatively higher; "cholos" (the lazy Mexican laborers) receive \$1.35 to \$1.50; Greeks, \$1.65; Japanese, \$1.75; "Americans," by which the contractor means also Scandinavians, \$2.25. Let me say here that there is no "cheap labor" or "underbidding" about this scale. The common white laborer is protected by no union; he is at the mercy of the law of supply and demand. On the other hand, the Japanese laborers show a cohesion which is equivalent to labor unionism. On first entering a district they are likely to underbid in order to get a foothold. Then they demand steady advances until they have all that their work is worth; and if they do not get it they strike effectively. Contractors say almost universally

that they always take white help at current prices by preference, which proves that the Japanese are neither "cheap labor" in proportion to their efficiency nor especially unfair competitors with the whites.

Another thing than stature limits the usefulness of the laboring Japanese to their employers. As a class they are not dependable. They have a way of leaving the job without notice, of striking over trivial disagreements. They do not buckle down and stick like the Chinese or the Italian. The boss, handling men like so many blocks of wood, looking for results and only superficially for causes, lays it to that treachery and lack of business method which is the main charge against the Japanese in America. The more intelligent among the Japanese assign a cause more creditable to their race. These people have come here swelled up with ambition. They are wildly eager to prosper, to get rich quick, to rip all they can out of this new country, whose opportunities make it an El Dorado. The Japanese who takes a job on the railroad does it either because he is a failure or because he wants day labor to help him toward something else. They are seldom contented. It is a means with them, not an end. And because they are only a generation old in industrial civilization, they do not work stably and patiently toward success like the Scandinavian immigrant. This has been a matter of special remark since the war, which, if one may judge from the American Japanese, has influenced these people to the very bottom of their souls. I stood beside a Yankee foreman, watching his gang of Japanese lazily lifting old rails from a car to a siding, and heard him curse them for a round half-hour. "Well, sir," he said, "they're the derndest, laziest, orneryest gang ever. I'm quitting the job this month because I won't work 'em no longer. Life's too short. Look at 'em! They've been two hours unloading six hundred pounds of scrap. If an official came along and saw a white gang working at that pace he'd fire them and me too." "It's funny," he added, "but they can work; only they don't any more. I had a gang ten years ago, and they were about the best I ever worked." This testimony to the growing Japanese discontent with hopeless labor is general.

In those branches of lumbering for which their dexterity fits them, and in which their small stature is no handicap, they do better. They are getting on at the shingle mills. Shingle trimming and "shingle weaving," small work, at which boys usually do as well as men, exactly suits their talents. Heavy logging they gave over long ago, though they still take contracts to get out "shingle bolts," which are logs of small, second growth timber sawed into 52-inch lengths for shingles. The sawmills employ them universally in minor capacities. At Port Blakeley, across the Sound from Seattle, a fire destroyed last year the biggest sawmill in the world. This had worked 300 Japanese with success for four or five years.

The history of this industrial experiment is instructive. To break a strike the Port Blakeley people put non-union white men on the machines, Japanese on the

lighter jobs. The strike failed, and the mill kept its Japanese hands. They settled down there, brought their women, and built on the hills behind the mill a Japanese village, which, next to the Chinese fishing village at Monterey, is the most picturesque place on the Pacific Coast. In effect it is as Japanese as Japan. It crawls over a hillside giving curious vistas and unexpected openings into little gardens; and the big, dark northern forest behind it makes an indescribable contrast with its minute beauties. It is as clean as a whistle, in striking contrast to the Italian shanties farther down the hillside. It has its Buddhist temple, and its Christian mission, its restaurant, its store, even a photograph gallery. It has become the headquarters for Japanese mill hands; its bulletin board, a feature of every Japanese colony which has no newspaper, carries the "help wanted" signs for all the country round.

and gone next day. He had learned enough English from that family; he had also learned enough about cooking to make his services worth \$12 a month to the next family in line. They could not be depended on at all; they developed queer whims; they went bad over strange irritations. "I've had five Jap servants in eight months," mourned a housewife of Seattle.

Half the reason for this has escaped the attention of the Americans. The Japanese servant is not of the servant class at all. He is precisely in the position of the young American college student doing manual labor to pay for his education, only that the Japanese student brings to his work a fierce personal pride—"which is fairly a vice with my people," said a Japanese—and, since the war, a certain superior contempt of his employer.

For there are two distinct classes of Japanese in the

a man—before paying off the crew. The entrepreneurs of this system, together with the Japanese houses which ship provisions to their gangs, are the backbone of the Japanese Colony in Seattle.

Largest of these is the Oriental Trading Company, which is the law to the Northwestern Japanese as the "Six Companies" is the law to the Californian Chinese. This firm does a wide and varying business. It began as an employment bureau; it sent out the big Japanese construction gangs which broke the way for the other Japanese laborers in the United States; and it fed them while they worked. It has a large importing business, and it is remotely allied with the only Japanese bank in Seattle. It "got in" early on the rise in the Seattle tidelands, and report has it that the profit on the transaction was \$100,000. Takahashi, manager of this establishment, is head man for



A. E. FOWLER

Prominent in the Japanese Exclusion League, and an inciter to riot



A BILL-BOARD JUDGMENT IN CANADA

Throughout British Columbia the agitation for a "White Man's Canada" is active, and sensational methods of stirring up feeling are practised in Vancouver



A HINDU TYPE

The arrival of Hindu workmen has added to the anti-Asiatic feeling

The wages for mill hands rose throughout the State, but the Port Blakeley mill kept its prices for Japanese fixed at from \$1.10 to \$2.20. One day, with little warning, they struck. There was no violence about the strike; they simply asked for a raise and, failing to get it, retired to the village. The mill tried to get more Japanese hands. In the language of union labor there was "nothing doing." No Japanese asked for a job, none would accept one. It was a quiet but effective boycott. At the end of ten days an interpreter from Bellingham came down and negotiated a settlement—a flat raise of twenty cents a day all round. The mill is running a quarter crew now, pending rebuilding, and the Japanese are waiting to come back.

The foreman of this mill half likes the Japanese. "They're no worse than the white men we can get to take the same jobs," he said. "But they aren't as good as first-class white men. The supply of white common labor is bad because an efficient white man can usually get something better to do. Even if the Japs do quit for goodness-knows-what reason, they don't get drunk and skip as soon as they get a little pay. But if we could only get Chinese!"

#### The Vindication of the Heathen Chinese

ALWAYS the same sigh for Chinese, from Seattle to Los Angeles; and this suggests one obstacle to a good American opinion of the Japanese. Employers compare them not to the same class of European labor, but to that ideal common laborer, the Chinese, with whom the Caucasian classes them, and into whose occupations they are entering. The humble Chinaman, lynched in the gold camps, stoned and killed in the cities, run absolutely out of such communities as Eureka, Tacoma, Cripple Creek, and Leadville, has lived to a glorious vindication. Even union-labor men appreciate now that he seldom crowds a white man out of a job, because he supports the industries in which few white men will work. The employer has learned that he is a pattern of honor in his business relations. The boss does not have to watch a Chinaman. Show him what you want done, and leave him. He will work at the same methodical pace until quitting time. He is fairly intelligent, fairly strong; and when he gets a fact into his rather slow intelligence it sticks.

So in business. One never hears of a Chinese contractor dropping a job mid-season because he is likely to lose on it. He goes through to the end and pockets his losses. Business men in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, have learned that they need not require notes of a Chinaman. All the training of centuries goes to make his word his bond.

When the Chinese began to dwindle, the Japanese came into their places. At first it looked like a solution of the servant question. A housewife of limited means could get a green Japanese "student" boy to take the disagreeable part of household labor off her hands at wages running as low as \$8 to \$15 a month. All he asked by way of privilege was a little time for himself that he might study. People who had never afforded themselves servants before reveled in the luxury.

It did not last long. The \$8 a month Japanese boy would be there on the night before his first pay day

Northwest: the laborers pure and simple, usually farmers' sons from Hiroshima or some of the Southern provinces, and the "students," young men of the middle or upper classes, come here to learn from us. Japanese incomes are, of course, very small. The family that can well afford to keep a son in college in Japan can not by any means afford to keep that son in an American school while he undertakes the large but indispensable job of learning a language different in stem from his own. House service in cities, where he must listen to English daily and where he has access to night schools, is the easiest way of getting on. The Japanese servants of Seattle regard themselves with reason as the social superiors of their masters. K. K. Kawakama, a Japanese-American journalist married to an American woman, told me of an extreme example: "I had a classmate in the Imperial Law School at Tokyo," he said, "who became a district judge a little after his graduation. That was seven years ago. Last month I met him on Second Avenue, Seattle. I asked him what he was doing here."

"I am working as a house servant," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I wanted to study international law. I haven't enough means to carry me very far. I found that I needed to know more conversational English, so I'm going to work for six months to get fluent and to save a little money."

"I asked where he was working. He named a lawyer here in Seattle. 'That is my employer,' he said. This judge, who hires servants in his own country, is washing pans for an advocate!"

To a limited extent they are breaking over into the skilled trades. A firm of manufacturing jewelers followed the example of the Port Blakeley mill by hiring Japanese to beat a strike, and by keeping them when the strike was over. Half the photograph galleries in Seattle employ them in the dark rooms. They get on well in this work—too well, say their employers, for as soon as they get expert they usually strike out for themselves. Ten cheap Japanese restaurants with white patronage flourish along the water-front, and perhaps twenty others owned by white men employ Japanese "help" all through. The Japanese barbers shave white and brown faces impartially. Recently they formed a union and raised prices to the white scale—fifteen and twenty-five cents. Restaurant workers and barbers are the only organized trades to feel any pinch of Japanese competition; and, as would be expected, the Cooks' Union and the Barbers' Union are warm on the subject of Japanese exclusion.

A kind of rough peonage system, kept from being oppressive, apparently, by the aggressiveness of Japanese laborers, has grown up in the Northwest. The white employer hires his men in the lump from one of the twenty or thirty Japanese employment agencies, small and large. A letter to an employer from the Jinjishi Employment Agency of Seattle shows how the system works. They offered laborers to clear land at \$2 a day or twenty cents an hour, the employer to furnish tools, transportation, and houses. He must allow one man in twenty-five to cook, and must hand over their pay "to us on each end of every month." The labor bureau deducts its fee—usually a dollar a month

the Japanese in the Northwest and the spokesman for the colony.

Until his death last September, Tsukune was the president and real head of the Oriental Trading Company. He seldom made a personal appearance, leaving contact with the Americans to Takahashi, nevertheless he maintained close friendship with certain leaders of public affairs in Seattle, where the Americans had entire confidence in him. On a little body he carried a powerful head. Tsukune came here from Japan with his young wife twenty years ago. His worldly capital was the stock of Japanese curios which he and his wife peddled until he had enough to start a restaurant, the first Japanese restaurant in Seattle. In three or four years more he was exporting flour to Japan, and eight years after he landed he entered the Oriental Trading Company. He was the president of the Japanese Bank. He was a stockholder in several American companies. His confreres say that his interest in the Oriental Trading Company was at least \$500,000. A strong friend to America, his death befitted his life. He was killed by a locomotive while carrying flowers to the steamer on which Judge Thomas Burke of the Asiatic League and Minister O'Brien were sailing for Japan.

#### A Hollow Bugaboo

OYAMOAKA, one of the founders, is a man under suspicion of the Americans. He was among those energetic young men, imbued with Western ideas, who founded the Liberal Party in Japan. Caught, charged with plotting against the Government, he was sent to prison for life. After ten years a general pardon set him free. He came to America and made a fortune. Because of this past history the labor agitators of the Northwest and the yellow newspapers see in him the head of a war conspiracy. He is supposed to be "drilling Japs." In these days, four Japanese walking side by side are "drilling." As a matter of fact, the Liberals, the party for which Yamoaka suffered, are in power now; the Progressivist opposition is the party that is pulling for war. Perhaps that is why the Seattle Japanese laugh a gurgling little laugh when Yamoaka's imperial ambition is mentioned.

In this little Japanese colony, occupying a district of cheap old residences, one notices a thing bearing on the larger question. The Japanese buyer trades whenever he can with his own people; the Japanese merchant is reaching out as fast as he can for American customers. They always keep the balance of trade on their side. The banking business is the only exception. The movement is perceptible. Japanese stores are increasing beyond the increase of the Japanese colony. Paying lower rent and working with Oriental economy, they can often undersell American merchants. So the poorer class of whites are buying of them more and more, deterred only by the union-labor sentiment against the Japanese.

Social opinion about the Japanese is divided in Seattle. As a general thing, the American does not like the Japanese personally. East is east and west is west; and the Oriental and Occidental minds run on different tracks. The consequent failure of comprehension breeds irritation, and irritation in two races so essen-



tially arrogant as the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic and the Japanese breeds dislike. Whether time and a better understanding will overcome that dislike is another matter.

One unanswerable argument of those who curse the Japanese is that they are not honest in business. Even the better Japanese, when they talk confidentially, admit it. It is, they say, an unfortunate survival of that old feudal system by which the trader was held to be a low-caste thief. Japan is working at home to overcome it, they add, and the Japanese in America are learning that honesty with Europeans is the best policy. Nevertheless, they do admit it. Further, the late war certainly bred an unwarranted cockiness in the American Japanese, who are mostly stripplings in their early, insolent twenties.

On the other hand, there is an official good opinion which the leaders of larger affairs in Seattle are trying

The millmen and shingle weavers resented them, as they had the Japanese. Sunday, September 1, brought a slight disturbance. On the following Thursday two women pushing baby carriages started along a street where six or seven Hindus, squatting on their haunches about a pot, blocked the way. The women asked them to move; the Hindus only smiled in their childish way. A group of millmen saw the episode. Flying to avenge offended womanhood, they kicked the Hindus into the street. The rumor flew that Hindus were insulting women.

Most of these Orientals lodged in two crumbling houses by the water-front. Early in the evening a mob rushed down there, broke the windows, and ordered the Hindus to leave town. There are only fifteen policemen in Bellingham to a population of thirty thousand. Chief of Police Thomas gathered the only

obligations, they are scrupulous about community obligations. They are full of the spirit of progress; this little group keeps up two daily newspapers and seven weeklies! Their three Christian missions and one Buddhist temple maintain all the social activities of the modern church. They take good care of their own sick; they have no paupers. Though they bring with them certain ideas of morals which are far from ours, they are no more vicious than any other body of young men away from home and their women. Being a nation of fighters, they brawl with one another; that is their worst vice, and in that they are about as disorderly as the Italians, for example. Among themselves they play in a serious yet childlike fashion.

I found an object-lesson in Japanese immigration at Steveston, the fishing village at the mouth of the Fraser River. Here is the centre of the salmon-can-



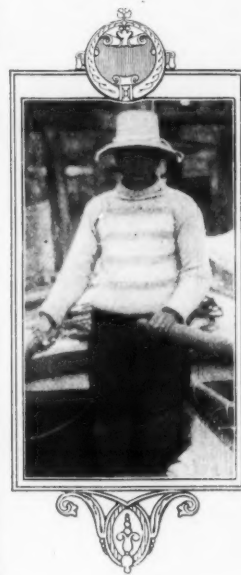
CANADIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

British-born, these little Japanese find free entrance to Canadian schools



COMMISSIONER ISHII FROM JAPAN MET BY PROMINENT SEATTLE JAPANESE

On the car platform and steps, from left to right: M. Furuya, merchant; S. Hisamizu, Japanese Consul; K. Ishii, Special Commissioner; C. T. Takahashi; M. Tsukune, former president of the Oriental Trading Company; O. Yamanaka; T. Hara of the Seattle "Asahi"; K. Kumamoto, proprietor of the "North American Times"; S. Yamashita; and K. Matsubara, acting consul at San Francisco



A CANADIAN FISHERMAN

To secure his license to fish, he must first become a naturalized citizen

to encourage. The city is hustling just now—perhaps harder than any other American community. It wants good relations with the Orient, it wants Oriental trade, it wants laborers—Japanese if no others are available, but laborers of any kind for the land-breaking work that is to be done. It hopes for a Japanese Consulate-General, the first in this country, for a branch of the Bank of Japan, in rivalry to the Yokohama Specie Bank of San Francisco. The leading commercial organizations lose no opportunity of entertaining visiting Japanese dignitaries or of giving favors to Japanese merchants. The Asiatic Society of Seattle exists to shower favors on the Japanese. When San Francisco kicked up its row over the school question the Seattle Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions which, it is said, came just in time to save our ports from a commercial boycott. Some newspapers keep standing office orders not to use the abbreviation "Jap" nor to point out, in a "crime story," the nationality of a Japanese criminal.

The Japanese, on their part, have responded. Their club entertains visiting Americans. One of their two newspapers issued last New Year's a sixty-four page extra devoted to Seattle, its progress, and its future. The only formal celebration of last Fourth of July was given by the Japanese in honor of their "sister country," as the invitations had it. Last Memorial Day they marched in state to erect memorial tablets to their own dead. More practically, they have made Seattle, instead of San Francisco, the main port of entry for Japanese, both tourist and immigrant, and they are doing all they can to swing Japanese trade away from San Francisco.

The Japanese-Korean Exclusion League of San Francisco sent up one Fowler, labor leader, last year, to found a branch in Seattle. He had little luck. The periodical which he started died early, and the League, while it exists, drags on miserably and without active support. Take it all in all, Seattle hands herself to the Japanese on a gold platter. Only one thing does she deny them. Aliens can not hold land in Washington, and the Japanese, under our Federal laws, can not be naturalized. While they do practically have a little land, it is in the names of their American lawyers. This is a bar against permanent settlement.

The back country feels more strongly on the subject. At Adler, Washington, near Tacoma, a mob expelled twelve Japanese who had been hired to dig a well. At Woodburn, Oregon, last February, the citizens made it so unpleasant for a gang of Japanese that they packed up and left. The shingle-weavers, who, among the mill men, feel most strongly the pinch of their competition, have a union rule against working in the same mill with Japanese or boarding in a place which employs Japanese servants. At Union City, a remote point on the Sound, the shingle men boycotted a hotel which employed a Japanese cook. At Bellingham a Japanese company bought a shingle mill and started to operate it. The white millmen threatened to burn it, and the insurance companies refused to take the risk. This killed the project. Yet such incidents are by no means common. The same things—and worse—happened every day during the anti-Chinese agitation.

The anti-Hindu riot at Bellingham in September, like the aftermath of the Vancouver riot, was a screaming farce. The Hindus had been coming into the mills,

four officers in sight and went down to see about it. He found a mob of two thousand millmen surrounding these huts. Now and then they hurled a volley of stones, now and then they shoved forward a frightened Hindu whom they had picked up on the outskirts of the town and jammed him into the lodging-house with the rest. Chief Thomas is a great, calm, ungrammatical man of unbounded tact. He did not order his four police to make martyrs of themselves. He asked pleasantly: "What are you doing, boys?"

"Running 'em out of town," shouted the mob. "That's right," said the chief. "But, say, if you fellows keep 'em in them shacks, some bad man may start a riot. Why don't you take 'em down to the police station? They'll be safe there, and in the morning we'll all chuck 'em out together."

The mob shouted approval of Chief Thomas, swept into the shacks, and herded the Hindus forthwith to the station. So the chief made two thousand volunteer deputies out of a mob. But there were one hundred more Hindus still at large. How should he protect them? The chief was equal to producing the idea: "Now, boys, let's make a clear sweep of it. You done a good job with these fellows, go out and get the rest."

#### The Attack on the Hindus

THREE cheers rent the Bellingham fog, the mob scattered to hunt Hindus. The victims lay down like rabbits; not one fought back. Two were hurt in running away. The first tried to scurry like a cat up a twenty-foot wall. Near the top he lost his hold and fell. The other running along a wharf in the dark tripped on his fallen turban and went into the water. The rest were led like lambs to the police station. At eleven o'clock a boy in knee breeches brought in two six-footers, one in each hand. At midnight the interpreter called the roll. Every Hindu in Bellingham was safe at the station. Next morning the chief swore in deputies and sent them to accompany the Hindus back to their mills, from which they decamped that night and vanished over the border.

The next week A. E. Fowler arrived, fresh from the event of Vancouver, to stir up anti-Japanese feeling in Victoria. The career of that Fowler appeals to the fiction sense. Thirty years of wandering in small work, cheap lodgings, obscurity, ten years of street-corner agitation, one night of glory in which sarcastic fate made him an international figure—and then he explodes through the gases generated by his own conceit.

Before the Vancouver riot, I never heard of a Japanese getting "beaten up" by a mob. The Chinese never fought back; the Japanese fights to the last bristle. His aggressiveness is almost amusing. If, in the water-front restaurants, a longshoreman or sailor tries to "beat his check" the Japanese proprietor does not send for the police. He simply goes for the debtor with a club. No, "entertaining a Jap" is not a safe experiment; and consequently the advocate of Oriental exclusion in the back country of Washington and Oregon applies his exclusion by social methods.

They are not bad citizens. Their very enemies admit that. The Japanese in Seattle, while they live in humble dwellings, live with a decency which is a reproach to the white poor. If they slide their financial

ning industry in British Columbia, and the greatest scramble of races anywhere. Among its 6,000 or 7,000 summer inhabitants are 1,000 Chinese, 2,000 to 3,000 Japanese, an indeterminate number of bare-footed, offal-eating Siwash Indians, a few Hindus, a Kanaka or two, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, and the flotsam and jetsam of all the northern European nations. I found a negro barber and a mulatto cook and even a Filipino truck farmer! The Chinese and the Indian women work in the canneries at the machines or the cutting-benches; the whites, the Japanese, and the Indian men do the gill-fishing out in the milky river. Each fishing boat carries two or more men; one a "fisherman" and the rest "boat-pullers." A fisherman must have a license, to get which he must be a British subject. Formerly, the fishermen were all Indians or whites; a few Japanese acted as "boat-pullers." Four years ago the fishermen struck over the going price at the canneries. The situation grew serious. The canneries got special emergency licenses for the Japanese boat-pullers and sent them in to break the strike. There followed anarchy at Steveston. The whites and Indians shot at them from the shore; attacked them with cars at the wharfs. The Japanese fought back; Victoria sent the militia down to keep order. The Japanese stuck. Those who had long enough residence naturalized themselves at once, and now Japanese fishermen are in the majority at Steveston.

These Japanese fishermen are kings of the place. They have brought their families, and they have established a kind of social order, contemptuously apart from the white man's law. The sick white, Chinese, or Indian, if he needs hospital attention, must go to the public institutions. The Japanese have their own hospital and dispensary, maintained by subscription. Their Christian church is flourishing. In one of their cottages a serious young Japanese teaches thirty brown children—mornings in English, afternoons in Japanese. I asked this youth whether all his pupils were Christians. "I regret to say," he answered, "that many of them have not yet received the bounty of baptism!" They have the most prosperous retail stores in the village; they control most of the wholesale trade. A Japanese firm of boat-builders has gradually eliminated all competitors, and now Italians, Canadians, Japanese, and Indians fish from boats—good ones too—built by Japanese mechanics. One is struck at every turn by their arrogance of bearing in this town where they are kings, but one realizes also that their civilization and progressiveness put to shame the indolence of those white, yellow, and red people who live about them.

The Pacific Northwest is years away from any serious Japanese question. The country is so new, in many ways so undeveloped, and so full of possibilities of development, as to need all the common labor, of whatever grade, it can get. Then the industries which Washington and Oregon must follow in this generation mostly call for that heavy work which is unsuited to the Japanese physique and temperament. California is their Mecca. There they find a country made for their peculiar abilities, and thither they will drift inevitably. Not until California is full to the point of diminishing returns will Washington have need to worry, if there is any cause for worry over the Japanese.



*The Breslin, on Broadway*



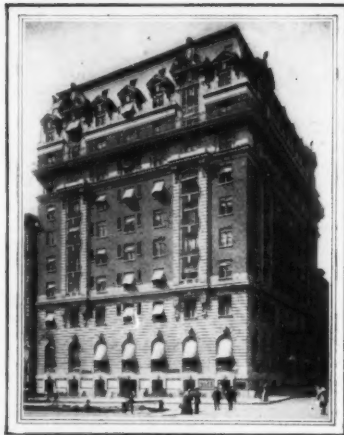
*The Astor, on Long Acre Square*



*The Seville, on Madison Avenue*

## Fifty Million Dollars' Worth of Hotels

*Some of the Elaborate Structures that have been Opened in New York within the Past Five Years*



*The Marseille, 103d Street*

THE Plaza Hotel, recently opened in New York City, marks the top-notch in hotel size and cost in a city which has more expensive hotel buildings than any other city in the country. It represents an investment of \$12,500,000 and has 800 living rooms. The Belmont has 800 rooms and cost \$9,000,000. The Ansonia houses 1,500 guests and cost \$4,000,000. The Gotham and the St. Regis cost, together, \$9,000,000 and they accommodate 800 guests. The cost and capacity of the others



*The new Plaza Hotel*

are: the Knickerbocker, \$7,000,000, 700 guests; the Astor, \$6,000,000, 600 guests; the Breslin, \$3,000,000, 600 guests; the Seville, \$1,000,000, 350 guests; the Marseille, \$1,000,000, 300 guests. A \$52,000,000 investment to house 6,000 guests



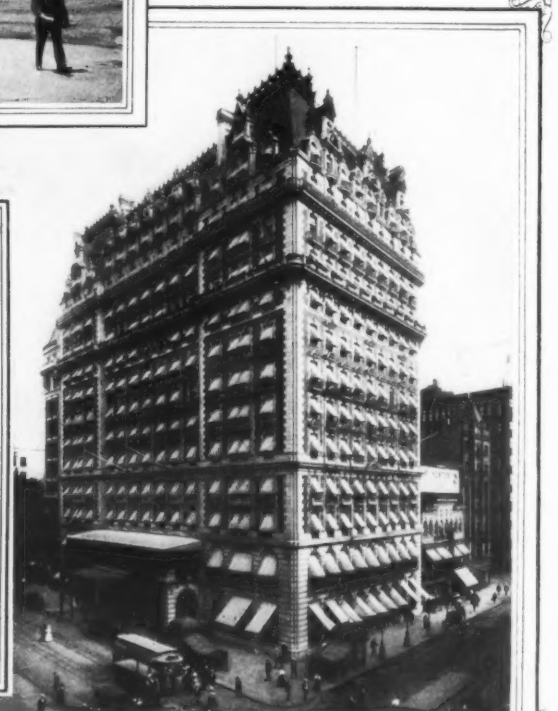
*The Belmont, Forty-second Street*



*The Ansonia, on upper Broadway*



*The St. Regis and the Gotham*



*The Knickerbocker, at Forty-second Street*



# Religious Journalism and the Great American Fraud

*An Examination of those Religious Newspapers which Print the Advertisements of Patent Medicines and Quacks*

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

## II. The Housecleaning

**T**HAT corner of the Great American Fraud which has for long been so sturdily supported by the religious press of the country begins to show ominous symptoms of collapse. Religious journalism is deserting its most profitable patron. Some through awakened conscience or sense of shame, some under the lash of criticism from their subscribers, some because of waning prestige, influence, and circulation, consequent upon the discrepancy between editorial standards of godliness and advertising columns given over to the seven devils of quackery, the church publications are purging themselves of offense. Probably there is none that has not felt the pressure of aroused public opinion. Some few make excuses. Many take refuge in silence. But the ministry and the church-supporting laity throughout the country are attacking them with unanswerable questions. The unholy alliance is in process of dissolution.

Foremost among the influences for reform are the clean religious papers. The very fact that they maintain themselves without taking blood-money is at once an accusation against their less consistent compeers and a refutation of the plea that without the money of quackery a religious paper can not be self-supporting. Upon this important point, here is testimony from the "Christian Advocate" of Nashville, Tennessee. The "Christian Advocate" is under the general direction of the publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The editor, Rev. G. B. Winton, is made responsible for the advertising also, which is the proper and logical system, and has full powers to reject any objectionable matter. His rule is a simple one: "That as far as possible advertisements of patent medicines be eliminated, and that if any are admitted they must be of articles free from narcotics, and an undue proportion of alcohol, and such as make no spurious claims as to what the medicines will accomplish." Is the Nashville "Christian Advocate," therefore, tottering on the brink of beggary? An inquiry from the management of the paper indicates the reverse:

"At present, when we are more rigid in the scrutiny of advertising than ever before, and when we have three regular editors on our staff instead of two, as has been customary, the paper is self-sustaining."

Moreover, the Nashville "Christian Advocate" pays for its contributions, which few religious journals do. It would seem, therefore, to be, like its denominational brother, the New York "Christian Advocate," an illustration of how an intelligent and conscientious standard of advertising helps rather than hinders a religious paper.

The "Record of Christian Work" believes that "to have one standard of orthodoxy for the editorial columns, and another for the business management, is nothing less than cant." Hence, it contrives to get along without taking a percentage for swindling the sick and suffering. So does the "Christian Register," organ of the Unitarian denomination, which "has not inserted medical advertising for thirty years"; the "Universalist Leader," which "declines everything objectionable regardless of financial results"; the Catholic "Monitor" of San Francisco; the Catholic "Tidings" of Los Angeles, which holds that exploiting fraud is "incompatible with the teaching of Mother Church"; the "American Hebrew," which adheres to a policy of "no medical advertisements accepted"; the "American Israelite"; the "Orthographic Review," a sectarian publication in Indianapolis; the "Christian Herald," one of the pioneer protestants against this class of chicanery; "Forward" and the "Westminster Teacher," issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, which "never inserts medical advertising in our mediums"; the "Cumberland Presbyterian Banner" of Jasper, Tennessee; and, with perhaps an occasional slip through inadvertence in admitting some mildly fraudulent but harmless proprietaries, the "Congregationalist," the "Presbyterian Standard," and the "Christian Guardian" (Methodist). The "Religious Telescope," of the United Brethren Publishing House, is dropping all this class of patronage. "We do not regard all medical advertisements as harmful," writes the editor, "but there seems to be no safe way to attempt a distinction." "Zion's Herald," published in Boston, has made a distinction which is admirable if rigidly adhered to. "Ordered! that after this date the publishing agent of 'Zion's Herald' is instructed to

decline all orders of advertisements of medicines that are composed in part of alcohol, opium, or other known harmful drugs; of advertisements that suggest disease or work upon the imaginations of the readers for that purpose, and of advertisements that make promises of impossible cures."

"Unity" (published in Chicago) "does not know whether in the mind of COLLIER'S it is a religious jour-

August 8, 1907.

**FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER** Free to You and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment, with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—yes, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Erosion, Displacement of Uterus, Pains or Spasms, Aching or Stiffness, Bearing Down, Irritation, Itching, or any other ailment that you can cure and surely, by following the instructions, you can cure it. Just send me your name and address, and I will gladly tell you how to cure it. I will also send you a copy of my book, "The Texas Wonder," which contains full instructions for the cure of all the above ailments. It is a small book, but it is a life-saver. Send for it now. It is yours for nothing. Just send me your name and address, and I will mail it to you. I will also send you a copy of my book, "The Texas Wonder," which contains full instructions for the cure of all the above ailments. It is a small book, but it is a life-saver. Send for it now. It is yours for nothing. Just send me your name and address, and I will mail it to you.

**THE TEXAS WONDER.** Cures all Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatism troubles, and by all druggists, or by mail, for \$1.00. Send for it now. It is yours for nothing. Just send me your name and address, and I will mail it to you.

**DROPSY** Cures all dropsy, quick relief, restores all fluids to the system, and by all druggists, or by mail, for \$1.00. Send for it now. It is yours for nothing. Just send me your name and address, and I will mail it to you.

**REV. G. C. RANKIN**

The editor of the Texas "Christian Advocate," in one issue of whose paper the above and eight other questionable advertisements appeared, wrote to a complaining subscriber concerning them: "I know nothing about such matters, and am in no way concerned about them"

nal or not," but in its thirty years of existence it has "never wittingly yielded its columns to the pernicious advertiser, though it is not ignorant of the tempter and the force of the argument 'that good may come of it.'" A study of the columns of "Unity" indicates that it is indeed a religious journal all the way through and that it has no double standard—one set of ethics for the editorial part and another for the advertising. Indeed, a paper which announces conspicuously, "We absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein," is obviously concerned with ethics first and earnings afterward.

For the credit of the Lutheran Church the Rev. J. H. Witte of Hannibal, Missouri, comes forward with a statement that all the publications of the Missouri Synod are free of fraudulent medical matter, naming specifically "Der Lutheraner," "Die Missionstaube," "Kinder-und-Jugendblatt," "The Young Lutheran's Magazine," and the "Lutheran Witness." The "Lutherische Kirchenzeitung" of Columbus, Ohio, has never carried medical advertisements. "We are opposed to the whole business of pouring unknown drugs or fluids of doubtful character into people," says the Rev. Mr. Lenski, the editor, "and are using our influence against it. My church body would call me sharply to task if I took a different course." It would hardly do to assume that the Lutherans, as a body, are of higher principle or clearer intelligence than other churches, but certainly it would seem that they have the ability, above most others, of making their publications represent the best qualities of their religion.

In his issue of August 8, Mr. E. F. Merriam, editor of the "Watchman" (Baptist, of Boston), calls attention to the advertising columns of that issue as a refutation of the charge that fraudulent medical advertisements are admitted to the paper. Readers of his paper call our attention to subsequent issues, which indicate that the claim was purely temporary. At the time when the investigation into the alliance between quackery and religious journalism was being made, a man high in the councils of the Baptist Church wrote to Mr. Merriam protesting against the nature of the "Watchman's" medical advertising, and received in reply a letter, not of defense, but of cunning hint and broad innuendo, to the effect that the editor had in his possession documents impugning the good faith of COLLIER'S in the anti-quackery campaign, and intimating a profound insight into the motives of COLLIER'S. He has no such documents. Of COLLIER'S motives he knows nothing; nor, if he did, could he appreciate them. For, however he may commend himself as a shrewd vender of advertising space, the Rev. Mr. Merriam's journalistic principles seem to consist mainly of aching void surrounded by impenetrable shell.

### The Excuse of the Offenders

**D**ODGING the issue is, indeed, the only recourse that certain of the religious journals have, other than open confession, which, it seems, is *not* considered good for their souls. The "Christian Observer" of Louisville replies to a protesting subscriber, suggesting that the COLLIER articles were written in "a spirit of revenge" because COLLIER'S could not get patent-medicine advertising. When I asked the Rev. F. Bartlett Converse for his foundation for the charge, he said that one of the typewriters must have written the letter! Doubtless, Doubtless, too, the same highly responsible typewriter imitated, with startling fidelity to Dr. Converse's handwriting, the signature. But for Dr.

Converse's express statement, I should suspect that he had accepted the "canned editorial" effusions of his "Proprietary Association of America" patrons, without investigation, and had made the lies his own over his own signature. However, he has, in spite of all, made a start upon the path of reform, by excluding cancer and consumption "cures" and preparations containing morphine.

The principles of the Texas "Christian Advocate" (Methodist), the worst offender, so far as I know, in all the range of the religious press, are purely the principles of the hawk. Its unprinted motto is the Song of Greed:

"So that your purses be long  
And the ring of your coin be true,  
There is never a wrong so wrong  
That it shall not be reckoned a right  
At your behest, and for you  
The green shall be green or be blue,  
And the blackest of black shall be white."

In the issue of August 8, in which the Rev. Dr. G. C. Rankin pays his respects to COLLIER'S editorially, there are eleven fraudulent or dangerous advertisements. Yet this is a distinct improvement over the issues of a few weeks previous. In a letter to an objecting subscriber regarding his evil and sometimes indecent medical advertising, Dr. Rankin "gets out from under" by pleading ignorance. "I know nothing about such matters, and am in no way concerned about them. I see them in all the other 'Advocates' [Dr. Rankin should consult some quack specialist on ocular delusions], and take it for granted that they are legitimate." The real truth of the matter appears in a letter from the publishers, the Blaylock Publishing Company of Dallas, Texas: "We should be glad to exclude everything in the nature of this class of advertising, if we could afford it." However, even the Texas "Christian Advocate" has been compelled to dispense with the patronage of "Man Medicine" (the name of which is malodiously indicative of its character), and, as to its other offenses, various militant Methodists are making matters so hot for the paper that it will, in time, have to do without the worst of its remaining medical patrons, or the best of its circulation.

For the advertising columns of the Nashville "Baptist and Reflector" nobody directly connected with the paper is responsible. This is a singular system, but convenient for the editorial and business management, in case of criticism, which is richly due the paper. A man named Jacobs, who is the head of a "Religious Press Advertising Syndicate" in Clinton,

South Carolina, asks me to regard him as responsible for the "Baptist and Reflector," and threatens me with "the contempt of all decent men" if I do not give space to a long diatribe which he mistakenly regards as a "defense" of religious journalism, whereas it is really only another form of the "canned editorial" matter issued by the Proprietary Association. Withered though I be, in prospect, by the universal contempt, as invoked by Mr. Jacobs of the Religious Press Advertising Syndicate, I can only interpret his offer to assume vicariously the sins of the "Baptist and Reflector" as indicating a cautious and well-advised reluctance on the part of the paper to answer for them itself.

Another case of elusive responsibility is that of the Cumberland "Presbyterian," whose editor, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, writes that he would not be willing to make himself "personally responsible for the statements" in the advertising columns, because he is only an employee. "Those who are responsible for the business side of the paper" are also only employees, he writes. Evidently there is some mysterious "man higher up" who is to blame for the evils in the paper's columns. His detection and enforced reformation may safely be left to the various presbyteries which have passed emphatic resolutions calling upon the Presbyterian papers to clean house. Dr. Clay, editor of the "Christian Conservator" of the United Brethren Church, has "power only to protest." Presumably he has been using this power, as "the management is ridding the 'Conservator' of all medical advertisements as rapidly as practical."

#### Editorial Ethics

THE editor of the Baltimore and Richmond "Christian Advocate" denounces attacks on patent-medicine frauds as "sensational" and also thinks that a supposed prejudice against the South, which he attributes to COLLIER'S, has some bearing (just how he doesn't make clear) upon his own disreputable advertising. But he promises to reduce his fraudulent patronage nevertheless.

One full page of print is what the Rev. J. C. McQuiddy, of the "Gospel Advocate" (Nashville, Tennessee), modestly considers about his due, in which to present his plea of "not guilty." But Mr. McQuiddy's plea fails to make any reply to the criticism of the "Gospel Advocate's" offending advertisements, except in the case of one particular one which Mr. McQuiddy falsely declares "was not in the 'Gospel Advocate.'" For the rest, his article is a criticism of COLLIER'S for printing tobacco advertisements, and a rather stupid misrepresentation of the gist of my articles.

Some injustice was done to the "Living Church" (Episcopalian) in grouping it, without distinction, with periodicals which admit the worst class of medical frauds to their columns. For the "Living Church" does maintain certain distinctions in advertising. But when its editor, in an effusion bristling with fiery adjectives, hoists himself upon a pedestal of impeccable virtue, he assumes a trifle too much, particularly as he

embodies in his editorial this remarkable declaration of independence: "The editors and publisher of the 'Living Church' assume no responsibility for the assertions of advertisers."

The criticism of the "Living Church" was based upon an advertisement of an eardrum which claimed to benefit nine out of ten of those using it; and of Grape-Nuts, which claims to obviate the necessity of operation in appendicitis. That advertisement makes Grape-Nuts a medicine, by the law of the land, since it is sold "for the cure or prevention of disease"; and it is a fraudulent medical advertisement, because Grape-Nuts will not prevent appendicitis nor obviate the necessity of operation in appendicitis, and the patient who puts his trust in it for that purpose is more likely to be found in the cemetery than at the breakfast table. To give due credit to the publication, however, it is cleaner than nine-tenths of its associates, and is so of its own initiative, and not through pressure from without. When it is wholly clean, it can afford to disclaim responsibility for the assertions of its advertisers, but so long as it does so I fear that it will never be wholly clean.

In quite a passionate tone of resentment, Mr. George W. Coleman, the advertising manager of the "Christian Endeavor World," demands justice from COLLIER'S. Few of the bad advertisements with which I charged his publication in the COLLIER'S of August 3 are now running in his paper, he says; which is true, and, he adds, "the majority of them have not appeared in our columns for more than a year"; which is not true. The "Christian Endeavor World" has cleaned up to a marked degree, though at the time of Mr. Coleman's defense it was by no means fraudless; but it cleaned up only after a stubborn reluctance. Investigations of wide scope, such as was covered in the first "Religious Journalism" article, are not made overnight, and at the time when my inquiries were made the "Christian Endeavor World" carried frauds of every kind known to the trade of quackery except the absolutely indecent. Moreover, at that time, when every urgency was being brought to bear by the paper's own subscribers to force out the charlatans, Mr. Coleman was taking refuge behind the bland formality that the "Christian Endeavor World" "refuses thousands of dollars' worth of medical advertising which other religious papers accept." The courteous and personally appreciated expression of the editor, the Rev. Francis E. Clark, to the effect that the COLLIER articles "have been doing a decided service to the community," seems of small account, considered in conjunction with the fact that when his paper might have given needed help in the fight, now practically won, it lent the countenance of a powerful religious organization to the forces of quackery.

The "Christian Work and Evangelist" hits back hard and finds a weak spot in our armor. Two of the worst advertisements which I imputed to it were rather too remote in point of time to be properly the subject of criticism. The cancer-vampire, Bye, with all his brood, has long been banished from the paper's pages, as has

"Alice Wetmore," with her hypocritical promise to impart a secret cure for heart disease free. As for the other advertisements for which this religious journal was called to account, the publishers contend that they had been dropped long enough before my criticism for the offense to have become outlawed. The unequivocal statement of the "Christian Work and Evangelist" that it does not need the money of quackery, will not accept it, and will rigidly exclude all that the publishers believe to be fraudulent or harmful, rather blunts the edge of criticism. To me it is incredible that any editor whose mind is open upon the subject can long defend the drugging of infants with morphine, through Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, or the cozening of sound people into believing themselves affected with kidney trouble by the specious appeal of the Swamp Root advertising. And I am optimistic enough to believe that in time Dr. Hallock will eliminate from his publication these medical quackeries, as he has already eliminated, at no small loss, the financial quackeries which many of his compeers admit to their pages.

#### One Editor's Principles

FROM paltering excuse and shuffling evasion, it is good to turn to the words of a religious editor who puts principle above profits. "No writing of mine can sum up the essentials of the situation as does this extract from a letter of Frank Willis Barnett, editor and owner of the 'Alabama Baptist,' published in Birmingham, a paper which has been full to reeking with fraudulent medical advertising:

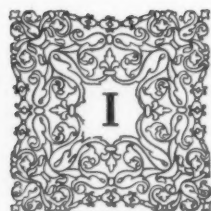
"I hope soon to have a clean bill of health. From personal experience I know that the man who publishes a denominational weekly has a hard, uphill fight to make both ends meet. I do not want to pose as heroic, but as sure as you live your articles make it mighty tight on the editors of religious papers. It is easy to say: 'Better that they went out of existence.' But when you, or any other man, looks his bread and meat in the face, and sees the pone grow smaller and the cut littler, it is an effort to do right when one's stomach suffers. But, after all, if we believe what we preach and write, we must do the square thing ourselves, or how can we help others to win moral battles? I am glad that I live in an age when men are willing to make sacrifices and when the press is undertaking big reforms against powerful interests. It is no time in which to whine."

Reverend gentlemen of the religious press, you who publish papers of power and influence, backed safely by the financial ability of your church organizations, whither you lead others will follow. If Mr. Barnett, sole owner of his struggling paper, with his whole career staked on his venture, can better afford to cleanse himself of the evil influences that have hitherto been the mainstay of his enterprise, can better afford to see the pone grow smaller and the cut littler, can better afford to be an honorable Christian from cover to cover of his publication than to compromise with the devil of quackery, can you afford to do otherwise?

# Causes of Race Suicide

A Consideration of the Final Causes for the Conditions Described by  
Mr. Brooks in His Former Article Entitled  
"The Cost of a Child"

By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS



IT WAS shown in the former article that a purposed limitation of offspring is not to be changed by exhortation or by any amount of good advice. Mere hortatory admonition in our own day will have doubtless the same futile issue as in Egypt, and in Greece in the second century B. C. It was shown that the causes of race suicide have been (so far as this world is concerned) economic. The tap-root was probably always that, but in earlier history the terrors of superstition from the ghost-world played a very deadly part in killing or preventing children. From this special form of superstition our own society has freed itself. But we have plenty of superstitions left over of our own. Ours are frankly of this world. They inhere in our ideals of social caste. Parents who to-day draw the birth-limit at one or two, in order to satisfy some social itching, are as much the victims of a superstition as native Australians who regularly killed a portion of their offspring because they "saw a drought in the moon," but justified the practise out of the ghost-world. Now that we no longer struggle for any literal "existence," but for the kind of existence on which the ambitions are set, our superstitions bravely assume a caste character. Openly expressed, the present formula runs thus: "Children have come to be so expensive that the limit must be sharply set or the dainties—social and material—will escape us."

It is, of course, here assumed that much of this purposed restriction is justified. No strong and considerate

race will follow Tolstoy's counsel. The restriction that is here called evil is that which passes the danger line of normal race growth. The Kadies in Paraguay, for example, are rapidly perishing because the women will bear but one child. They would likewise perish if the women bore two children, because the "death-average" would depress the birth-rate below the danger line. That various and increasing sections of our population are deliberately passing this danger line is what has raised the issue in the United States. Even the immensity of our immigration can not permanently conceal the ugly significance of the fact.

#### The Tax on Bachelors and Other "Remedies"

COMMONPLACE analysis and bits of history such as I have given are very easy, but what positive and constructive word has any one to say about it? The French have long agonized over race suicide. What was in store for them if they could not raise soldiers enough to fight Germany? They have even dared to use the word "remedy," as if something near at hand could be done about it. They have pattered with legislation, some of it as foolish as a tax on bachelors, which in turn inspired the proposition also to tax bachelor girls into matrimony. If we are to keep our hold on the realities of this problem, we shall drop words like "remedy" and "solution" altogether. It will become to us a question of *direction*. So far in this matter as we are facing wrong, can we learn to face right? There is a deadly precision in the term "race suicide" as it is applied to habits and ideals growing apace among the very classes that should strengthen the social texture.

To see the cause of this evil as economic is a first step. It faces us right. To perceive that this economic factor is clothed in most seductive draperies is to continue right. This outer ornament is the materialized ambition out of which infinite social snobberies are woven; snobberies that work upon us with a subtle invasion which few of us wholly escape. It is our curse that these ideals are made cheap and shabby by tests as sordid as money income alone. Our direction will still be right if we recognize clearly that race suicide will go on until these ideals are modified. Nothing has perverted them so much or so directly as the extreme and vulgar excesses of our wealth-inequality. At this point the Philistine is aroused. He is quick to cry out: "But we must have great inequalities." Yes, we shall ever have inequalities, and we want them, both for variety and for vigor.

Our noblest and a reliable old classic on the American democracy is De Tocqueville, and it was this very question of equality, in its national and possible forms, that was his chief interest. The United States were his study for more than twenty years. It is conceded that no one ever gaged our destinies with more sagacity. He saw that no real democracy had the slightest chance if these economic and social contrasts were to widen and deepen. His one hope of humanizing the world was in the ever larger equalizing of conditions. In his great book he wrote these words: "The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that equality of conditions is the fundamental fact, from which all others seemed to be derived, and the central point at which all my observations constantly terminated."



The avoidable excesses of inequality which we all know are harmful we do not want. To see this is still further to continue right.

It is the reaction of disfigured ideals, fostered and maintained by grotesque inequalities, that is more than any other the upas source of race suicide. If the main evil is here, what again is to be done about it? Of course, in a decade or even in a generation, precious little. But as surely as we know the cause, we know the direction in which to look for relief. All that works toward equality of chances for all men, works toward the healing of this evil. Any constructive method that strikes at the sources of avoidable inequalities helps. It will be much to cast out some of the devils of present-day superstitions: Such, for example, as that the numerous millions of the plethoric rich are in the least a right measure of "ability" and social service. There is scarcely a dazzling income in the United States that can not be traced straight to some permitted privilege and injustice in the competitors' struggle. I say "permitted" because it should be said and re-said that most of the private privileges leading to monopoly-wealth were deliberately given away by a people too ignorant to safeguard its large future interests. In the sombre ignominy of the result the main body of our citizens have their responsibility. We will not, therefore, be too savage against persons, but rather change the conditions that enabled and encouraged them to do their fellows wrong. We have but just waked up to the plain stupidity of giving away so recklessly all sorts of franchise grants, and are beginning to see the equal stupidity of parting madly with such an overwhelming part of the main and primary sources of wealth—mines, forests, water-power, oil deposits, and ground areas in large towns. These are the sure nesting-place of monopoly, and all

the fantastic wealth-extremes which debauch politics and social standards alike. When we see the German Government take possession of a mine for the express strategic purpose of breaking possible monopoly, or New Zealand doing half the insurance business with the same object, we have illustrations of an elemental horse-sense in dealing with the deeper social problems. Economically enlightened nations know enough to keep hold of a large part of their forest areas. This is merely common sense applied to national housekeeping. This policy, be it remembered, does not ask, as Socialists do, for all forests, all mines, or all the water-power. It asks to keep the hand of government control firmly upon such portions of these resources as to prevent the really vicious monopolies and the consequent absurd excesses of wealth-inequality. All this is possible along the lines of State regulation, without even raising the question of universal ownership. Happily for us, a positive and constructive position has at last been taken in regard to this whole brood of monopoly evils. We have a Chief Executive who sees what the evils are and dares to face them. Yet the courage involved is not his highest gift. It is the intelligence so to state and group the issues as to give us a coherent administrative policy that works toward equality and not away from it.

To group these sources of monopoly that may still be saved; to show how this retention will fortify the Government in its great struggle to regulate privileged capital, is a service that should command the intellectual and moral sympathy of an entire people. It is a policy broadly public and social, as against any lower and partial interest. It is a policy for the whole and for the many, rather than for the monopoly-coddled few. It is a policy that looks to the future rather than to the possible dividends of the next six months. Not

separable from it is the proposal to put upon these huge accretions a decent inheritance tax. The President does not spoil his case by conventional timidities. He does not ask it merely as a fiscal device, but as a method that may help toward equality. He asks it, that the common wealth may grow larger and the threatening redundancy of private fortunes be lessened. It is a principle of taxation that boldly carries with it the ideal of greater social equality.

But what has all this to do with the subject of this and my preceding paper?

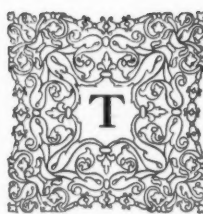
To claim that these large economic proposals were devised with any thought of affecting the birth-rate would be an absurdity that I am not even tempted to commit. They are nevertheless proposals that do about all that is within our power to do; they set our faces right toward the problem. They are a recognition of effective political and economic principles that carry us in the direction of wholesome equalities.

It would likewise be the poorest of quackeries to claim any immediate practical relationship between this socio-economic policy of the President and race suicide. Mass habits and ideals that have become perverted are not changed offhand. The very structure and tissue of society are involved. It was the belief of Matthew Arnold that the English land system must undergo something like a revolution in its forms of possession before the habits and ideals which he called brutal and vulgar could be made over. That he was right is far clearer to-day than when he said it. Our own economic monopolies have come to be more viciously dangerous than those of England, and they sense the same sad havoc with our ideals and social habits. The perversities of race suicide will be fastened upon us, until a larger equality, greater economic security, and more sobriety in social ideals are attained.

# The Parlor Rally

*The Story of Jerry Donohue's Entry into Politics and of the Candidate who had an Automobile*

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER



HERE was the usual Saturday six-o'clock crowd in Grady's saloon. But instead of being ranged in a thirsty double row along the bar, they were grouped at the farther end round a man whose hat, tilted on the back of his head, exposed the edge of his thick, smoothly brushed black hair. He was not like the others, a working man; he carried no dinner pail; if you entered late, like young Jerry Donohue, and stood, like him, on the edge of the crowd, you could just get a glimpse of this gentleman's striped blue and red waistcoat. When Jerry came in the door he was flourishing above his head a fair white hand on which gleamed a large seal ring.

But Jerry arrived too late to get any idea of what the speech was all about. He heard only a sentence, meaningless without the context—with it very funny, for the crowd exploded in laughter—exploded literally, shooting its units out along the bar.

"A round of drinks on me, Mr. Grady," called the gentleman of the waistcoat.

Jerry stepped forward, not to avail himself of this opportunity, but to ask Tom Scanlan who the gentleman was.

"John Maxwell, running for Congress," said Tom. "Don't you know him by his pictures?"

Now that his attention was called to it, Jerry recognized the resemblance. The mill town was placarded with bills bearing Mr. Maxwell's picture. There was a bill on nearly every telegraph pole; often there were clusters of bills. Jerry had been absorbed in the waistcoat; he studied now the face of the gentleman leaning so nonchalantly against the bar. Jerry was quite thrilled with admiration for Maxwell's youth; it was much greater than seemed to him compatible with Congressional dignity. Thirty, perhaps, were the gentleman's years; his eyes, small, dark, and sharp, glittered in a pale face; he laughed much and genially, showing very good teeth.

Jerry himself had just come of age and in another month would cast his first vote. He drew nearer.

"That smells like a good pipe tobacco," Maxwell addressed a laboring man at the bar. "Let's have a pull, will you?"

Reaching out, he abstracted the man's clay pipe from his mouth and inserted it between his own lips. The man grinned rather foolishly; Maxwell pulled on the pipe. "Fine," he said, "fine! I'd like to get some of that." He returned the pipe to the owner. "What's the name of it, please?"

"Red Boy."

"I'll just put that down, so I won't forget. Thanks ever so much." He scribbled in a note-book. When he glanced up, his eyes fell on Jerry; and Jerry, suddenly embarrassed because he had been staring so hard at the gentleman, turned away and stepped up to the bar.

"A beer, please," he said, and when it was produced tendered a coin in payment. Grady waved it back.

"It's on Mr. Maxwell," said the barkeeper.

"I'll pay for mine," said Jerry.

Grady shrugged his shoulders and took the money. While Jerry drank his beer, Grady, lolling across the bar, conversed with the candidate.

"Smart-looking fellow, ain't he?" said Tom Scanlan to Jerry.

"You bet," Jerry answered. "Did you speak to him, Tom?"

"Yep—shook hands. Say, do you want to meet him?"

Jerry was shy. "Oh, I guess not; what's the good?"

"Well, you can say you done it, you know. That's something to be able to say—specially if he gets to be President some time."

"I guess I won't bother him," said Jerry.

He drew away from the bar and with Tom Scanlan and two or three others cast admiring glances at Mr. Maxwell. Then Jerry's open boyish face flushed pink up to his blond hair, he twisted his big hands together behind him like an awkward child, and dropped his eyes. For Grady was pointing at him indelicately, and Mr. Maxwell's eyes were scanning him with apparent interest.

In another moment the candidate had approached.

"Grady tells me you wouldn't come in on my invitation."

"I didn't see why you should pay for my beer," Jerry was more red with embarrassment than ever.

Maxwell laughed. "Shake hands," he said. "Can I have a few words with you somewhere?"

"In Grady's back room—"

"Pretty much at home here, eh?"

"I know my way around."

Grady's back room was unoccupied; nevertheless, Maxwell talked in a confidential undertone.

"One thing first," he said. "Are you with me or against me?"

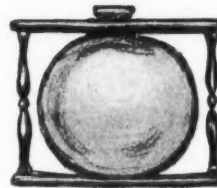
"With you."

"That's good. It saves me time. I'd have had to get you in the long run. Now I tell you. I want to meet some of the young men of your neighborhood. I want to meet them through somebody that stands well—somebody they respect. You're the man. That crowd in there—" he jerked his thumb toward the door—"they're most of 'em not your kind. I didn't need Grady's hint to see that. And you're the man I'm looking for."

"To do what?" Jerry asked. He was much flattered.

"I want to hold some parlor rallies. That is, get some of the young fellows together in the house of one of their number and talk with 'em, get to know 'em, have a nice social evening. Touch on the issues and make it a kind of informal and instructive occasion. And I want to have one of these parlor rallies in this neighborhood and especially for the young voters. I was wondering if you'd be willing to lend your house and get the crowd together."

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Jerry dubiously. "It's for mother to say; I don't believe she'd mind."



"You see there won't be a particle of expense to you," explained Maxwell. "I'll set up the cigars for the crowd."

"Could ma be on hand? She'd like to meet you, I know. Would that be all right?"

"Why," Maxwell hesitated—"some time I hope to meet your mother—but I don't really believe it would be very pleasant for her that evening—house filled with a lot of men smoking—kind of rough for her."

don't you think? I guess she'd better be out visiting that evening. But I'll drop round some other day and meet her."

"That'd tickle her to death. What night do you want to have the party?"

"This is Thursday. How about next Tuesday? Could you get a crowd together for that evening?"

"Easy enough."

"Then we'll call it a date—and if your mother objects, you'll notify me at once, won't you? That's my address. And what's yours?"

"Eighteen O'Gorman Street. I guess ma won't kick. And you'll come and see her some time, sure—I can tell her so."

"Sure." Maxwell gave Jerry a friendly pat and, with his hand on the doorknob, remarked: "I'm mighty glad you'll do this for me. I wanted to have this rally in a house where I'd be sure things were sort of nice."

"Our house ain't very fancy," Jerry warned him.

"I'm not worrying. And if you'll round up as many fellows as you can, I'll be ever so much obliged. Awfully good of you anyhow to do this for me, old man." He opened the door and shook Jerry's hand warmly in full view of the staring working men, who seemed to ruminate upon the incident over their pipes.

When he had departed in his automobile the crowd slowly converged upon Jerry.

"What'd he want? What'd he tell you?" clamored Tom Scanlan.

"Ah, go on." Jerry pushed his way through to the door. "He just ast me to be his secret'y in Washington—and I turned him down."

Jerry entered his house whistling; from the kitchen his mother's voice greeted him.

"Ah, such a good supper as I have for you to-night, Jerry, and getting cold this fifteen minutes! What makes you so late, child?"

"Stopped in at Grady's for a drink," said Jerry; he strode across the room, seized the small woman and kissed her.

She did not respond to his kiss; the eyes that had welcomed him, bright with vivacity, lost their blue sparkle, the lips that had been laughing drooped; she sat down at the table humbly, silently, a dumpy, dejected little person.

"Ah, tut," said Jerry. "Don't be vexing yourself about me, ma. I'm all right. Try a bite of the steak. It's good—even if you did cook it."

"I wish you wouldn't go to Grady's, Jerry."

"Not for a glass of beer after a day's work at the mill?"



"You might have it here at home."  
"Oh, you don't begrudge me the bit of a social time with the boys! 'Twas grand luck I dropped into Grady's. Mr. Maxwell was there—you've seen his pictures all over the place; him that's running for Congress. He's a fine man; I talked with him. And he asked me could he hold a parlor rally here next Tuesday night."

"A parlor rally! What's that?"  
"Oh, just getting together a lot of the fellows. Givin' them a chance to meet him and hear him talk. Say, ma, it's great, ain't it? He'll be elected to Congress, sure. And gettin' close to him this way now—it's a fine start for me; I'll be doin' something in politics myself some time."

"Well, now, think of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Donohue. Her face shone again, eager and youthful, as Jerry's own; her dread of the saloon was forgotten. "Isn't it the fine chance for you, Jerry! A Congressman! I wonder can I get the curtains all warshed and the carpets beat and a tidy crocheted to hide the grease spot your head makes on the red plush chair. And my best black skirt needs turnin'!"

"What would you bother with a lot of things like that for? This is just to be a rough men's party, ma; and you'll spend the evenin' with Mrs. Driscoll or Mrs. O'Toole—and some time later he'll come out and make you a social visit; he declared he would, nothing could stop him from it, upon his soul, he thought that well of your boy."

"Then I won't get to see him next Tuesday at all, at all!" cried Mrs. Donohue.

"Ah, well, you might hang about the house till he comes and then dodge out the back door—if you're that set on it."

ON Friday and Saturday Mrs. Donohue energetically conducted a house-cleaning; she took up the parlor and dining-room carpets, draped them on a clothesline in the front yard, and with her head swathed in a blue polka-dot handkerchief, beat them with a rattan stick.

"If he's good enough to go to Congress, he's good enough to have this house fixed up for him a bit," she would say. She could not help exhibiting her pride over the distinction which had been conferred upon Jerry. "And it the first chance he's ever had to vote in all his life!" she would conclude. "And a Congressman makin' up to him right off! Ain't he the lucky boy!"

By Saturday night she had put down the carpets and washed the parlor and dining-room curtains; these on Monday had to be darned, for they were old and did not well endure her vigorous cleansing. On Monday, too, she washed the windows and dusted the furniture, the pictures, the chandeliers—singing all the while. She finished crocheting the tidy and hung it over the stain on the red-plush chair. The paper roses on the parlor mantel had become soiled after six months of decorative service; unwilling to throw them away as having outlived their beauty, she went over them, petal by petal, with a bit of damp cloth. No gardener ever tended living roses with more care than that which she had bestowed in trying to preserve the fresh appearance of these flowers. Likewise, though an object of even greater solicitude, had the white memorial dove been grimed and flecked. Against a sheaf of rushes and enclosed in a frame lined with white satin it hung head down, wings outstretched, transfixed by an arrow which was issuing at its back. Beneath it, worked in red worsteds, was inscribed, "At Rest."

"I declare, Jerry," said Mrs. Donohue, surrendering to despondency on Monday evening, "if there's been one thing I have tried to keep free from spot and stain since your father's death, it is that dove. But what with the soft-coal smoke, the soot, the dust a-flyin' in from the street, that dove is no longer the pure white bird it ought to be. I hope Mr. Maxwell won't notice the specks on it and think we've failed in our duty towards the dead."

"You haven't!" Jerry cried, folding her in his arms. "I've tried not, Jerry." She got a hand free from his embrace and wiped her eyes. "It ain't a room that's been used much, certainly. And when I have come in here, I've always had a thought of him. I've always tried not to have thoughts or say words in here such as—as he wouldn't like if he knew. And I've felt you've always tried to do the same, Jerry."

The young man nodded; he was old enough to vote, but there were even yet times when he could not be sure of his voice.

"Now stop your worryin'," he said at last soothingly. "You're just played out. You've made the house look fine—but you needn't to have."

"I wanted it as your father would have liked it if ever a Congressman had come to sit with him. But I am tuckered and there's things to do to-morrow—so I guess I'll go to bed. Good night, child."

Jerry stroked her cheek.

"You oughtn't to work like this for me or anybody else—not even for Dad," he said gently. "Good night."

Tuesday evening when Jerry came home from the mill, he found his mother in a state of triumphant exhaustion.

"I did think at one time I never would get through," she said. "I hope I've froze up enough ice-cream and fried enough doughnuts. How many do you think will come, Jerry?"

"You mean to say you've been freezing ice-cream and fryin' doughnuts! Well, if you ain't a wonder! Mr. Maxwell didn't mean we should do that kind of thing."

"I don't know as that's Mr. Maxwell's affair," replied Mrs. Donohue with dignity. "If you're going to have folks, be hospitable. I borrowed the Driscolls' freezer, and that along with our own makes four gallons. So it ain't as if you'd been inviting your own friends to an empty house. I'll spend the evening at the Driscolls'—and, say, Jerry, Mrs. Driscoll asked if we mightn't slip over some time during the party, her

and me, and peek through the window—she'd so like to see the Congressman. I told her we could."

"Sure," said Jerry. "And if you'll make some kind of signal, I'll sneak you out some ice-cream."

In his black suit and stiff collar, with a salmon pink necktie which flared violently against the deeper pink of his neck and face, Jerry descended the stairs. His mother had just finished putting the dishes away in the kitchen.

"My, but you do look nice!" she assured him. "Now I'm going up to change my dress so I'll be ready to run over to Mrs. Driscoll's the moment he comes. Don't stir round and get yourself all mussed up and excited, child; just sit still and be calm."

Obediently, but with an uncomfortable consciousness of his collar, Jerry sat in the parlor and endeavored to give his mind to Ben Hur. The door-bell jangling violently summoned him.

A brewery wagon was waiting at the curb; the teamster was waiting at the door.

"Two kegs for J. Donohue," said the teamster. "This the place?"

"Yes, but I didn't order any—"

"Sent by John Maxwell."

The teamster strode down to his wagon and lifted a keg out in his arms. Jerry held the door open for him dumbly.

"In there," Jerry pointed to the dining-room.

"Jer-ry!" The call came from upstairs just as the teamster had departed for the second keg. "Did you go to the door?"

"Yes, ma."

"Who was it?"

"Oh, just a—just a mistake."

The brewery wagon was just turning away when another wagon drew up at the curb. At the door Jerry waited apprehensively. The driver lugged a bushel basket filled with tumblers up the steps.

"In there," Jerry murmured, pointing to the dining-room.

On a second trip the man brought in four quarts of whisky and two boxes of cigars.

Jerry closed the dining-room door upon these contributions; then as if at a loss he inserted his forefinger



"You're done with politics, I hope," she said

down the front of his collar and gave his chin three or four meditative hoists. He returned gravely to the parlor and again resumed his reading of "Ben Hur."

His mother descended the stairs. "What in the world have you been tramping about so for, when I told you to sit still and be calm?" she demanded. "I thought the house was comin' down."

"Oh, I wanted to make sure everything was right," he answered. "And it is. Now I'll read you a chapter out of this book."

And thus placidly were they engaged when the jangling bell proclaimed the first arrival.

"I guess I won't wait to see Mr. Maxwell after all," said Mrs. Donohue, nervously. "Unless this is him."

From up the stairs, whither she retreated, she saw Jerry open the door and admit Tom Scanlan and four or five others of his friends. Then she took her departure undetected by the guests.

Until the arrival of the candidate, there was an atmosphere of dismal decorum. The young men,

assembling at last to the number of twenty-five, conversed in funereally low voices.

At last an automobile puffed up the street and stopped, purring. Instantly the two front windows were blocked with heads; the front door was flung open.

"It's him!" Jerry announced with excitement.

Mr. Maxwell was a believer in dash, in "snap." He ran up the plank walk and divested himself of his fur overcoat as he ran.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he cried; he grasped Jerry's welcoming hand and tossed his coat into a corner by the door. "Say, old man, I'm sorry to be late. I've brought with me these friends of mine—Mr. Donohue, this is Mr. Tracy, Mr. Jenks, Mr. Tiffin. Darned good fellows, the whole bunch. And, say—" he caught Jerry's arm and sank his voice to a whisper—"there are half a dozen more coming up the hill now—saw me in my machine, gave me a cheer, and invited themselves. One of 'em's Jimmy Burns, running for Council. You won't mind lettin' 'em in? I guess there's stuff enough for all."

"Oh, sure," said Jerry. "The more the merrier."

He was quite exhilarated; the candidate's bounding manner reassured him after the gloomy tension of the last half-hour.

"Now introduce me all round," said Mr. Maxwell. "And then," he added in Jerry's ear, "open up the stuff."

IT was wonderful how Mr. Maxwell's entrance invigorated the assembly. "Well, boys, here we are again," was his happy, general greeting. To individuals he was more than kind; he held hands affectionately while he endeavored to recall the Christian name. To his host he vouchsafed an ecstatic moment, calling him "Jerry." "And I remember you too," he said to Tom Scanlan. "You were with Jerry the other day at Grady's—and you're—Scanlan! Yes, to be sure, Scanlan! I tell you, I don't often forget a face—though sometimes I go a little shy on names."

Jerry flung open the door into the dining-room.

"Fellows," he announced, "Mr. Maxwell has kindly provided some liquid refreshments and cigars for this evening; if you will kindly step this way."

"A-a-ay!" cheered the crowd, surging forward.

"And," shouted Jerry, "there's ice-cream and doughnuts on the house."

Mr. Maxwell got inside the dining-room door. He worked his way into the corner where Jerry was ladling ice-cream out of a freezer.

"Jerry," he said, "I'll bet this was your mother's doing."

"It was that."

"Well, I want some of that ice-cream in a moment." He turned; some one passed him a glass of beer.

"Gentlemen! Friends!" Mr. Maxwell raised his glass above his head, and they all listened. "I want every one here to fill his glass and then join me in drinking a toast that I will propose."

The activity in the neighborhood of the kegs was resumed. But at last every one was supplied. "All ready, Congressman!" shouted Tom Scanlan.

Mr. Maxwell mounted a chair. "Gentlemen, I want you all to know that Mrs. Donohue with her own hands froze this ice-cream and fried these doughnuts for you boys to-night. She wanted you and me, coming here to-night, to welcome each other, to enjoy ourselves; and so she did all this for us. Now I say that when the women come into the campaign and give us their support in this way, we're bound to win. And I want to propose the health of Mrs. Donohue—God bless her!"

There was great cheering; they all drank with avidity. Jerry in his gay excitement accidentally slapped a chunk of ice-cream upon the floor. He gathered it up in his hands and chucked it into the freezer on the salted ice, complimenting himself meanwhile on his discretion in withholding from his mother knowledge of the beer. Now knowledge could come to her unaccompanied by any sting of disappointment or disillusion.

Jerry was at last free to go into the parlor. Mr. Maxwell hailed his entrance—waved him forward, and put his hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Fellows," he said, "I want you all to join with me in singing the praises of our host, Mr. Jerry Donohue." He seated himself promptly at the piano and, playing the accompaniment, began, "For he's a jolly good fellow"; soon all except the blushing Jerry were hilariously challenging a denial. At the end, when Mr. Maxwell was about to leave the instrument, the man whom he had introduced to Jerry as Mr. Tracy, spoke up.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Tracy, "I move that Mr. Maxwell continue playing this piece and that we continue singing the same words, with reference to him."

"Second the motion!" shouted Jerry enthusiastically.

So Mr. Maxwell amiably yielded to the demand.

In the midst of the uproar there entered the delegation which the pianist had warned Jerry to expect. They were six or eight in number, rough young men who had not, like the other guests, arrayed themselves with scrupulous care, and who had been drinking—were, in fact, slightly inebriated. They bunched themselves in the door and shouted rapidly in unison: "Rah, rah, rah, Maxwell!"

"Jimmy Burns!" cried Maxwell, joyously springing from the piano stool and going forward with outstretched hand. He led the dissipated-looking, unwashed young leader of the gang up to Jerry and introduced him as the next Councilman from the district. Jerry hospitably showed the newcomers into the dining-room; the whisky bottles engaged their interest. Jerry returned to the intellectual centre.

"Mr. Maxwell," he ventured to speak up boldly in a lull; "I'm sure we'd all like to hear you talk on the tariff and the other issues."

Maxwell assumed a conventional posture, resting his arm negligently on the mantelpiece.

"Friends," he said, "I don't want to talk to you to-



night about the tariff: I'd rather take that and similar matters up later in the campaign, on the stump. In this Congressional election I don't look on the tariff as much of an issue. The important issue for the voters in this Congressional district is the character of the man that's to represent them in Congress. The all-important thing for this district is to send a man to Congress who stands close to the heart of the people—a man who mixes with you, who sympathizes with your life, who does not hold himself aloof from you and your joys and your sorrows. The man who takes a human interest in his constituents, my friends, is the man who will best serve them. No matter whether he belongs to the Republican Party or to the Democratic Party, the efficient representative must be a democratic man. Now, my friends, in all modesty I wish to con-

Jerry did not at first make any demonstration; then, with a dull idea that his position as host imposed the duty, he feebly clapped his hands.

"Don't you think it was a corkin' little speech?" said Tom Scanlan in his ear.

"No," said Jerry. "I don't."

Tom looked at him in amazement; he had a great respect for Jerry's opinion.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some other time."

He turned away from Tom; he was really quite miserable. His sensitiveness had rebelled against the unworthy, cheap appeal; his intelligence had detected the fraud; his pride was hurt. It galled him to be told in such plain and insolent terms that Maxwell in coming to his house had performed an act of condescension;

vals, more and more intent. And by the window Jerry's face darkened and grew stern.

The climax of the tale delighted the gathering. While laughter filled the room, Jerry turned his back and looked out of the open window. Then with a start he leaned out. Two women were hastening away from the house across the grass; and though their backs were turned he recognized one of them—one with her head bowed—as his mother.

Jerry faced about and walked up to Maxwell, thrusting his guests unceremoniously aside. He overtopped Maxwell by half a foot, and he looked down into the man's pale face with blazing eyes. Even before he began to speak a hush had fallen upon the company.

"Mr. Maxwell—" Jerry's voice was harsh and rasping—"my mother washed these curtains, beat this



When Jerry entered they were gathered about Maxwell, listening . . .

trast myself with my opponent. You know what sort of a man he is—or if you don't know, I can tell you. Rich, prosperous, arrogant—one of the aristocracy. He lives in a big house, he has his automobile and his horses, he wears a fur overcoat. Well—some of the rest of us may have all those advantages. But that doesn't make us hold ourselves aloof. We mix in with the people just the same. But my opponent—he's one of these silk-stocking politicians. He's not what we call a mixer. You'd never see him coming down here to talk to you fellows this way and having a nice social time with you all. Now how does it work out—that type of man and my type of man, when we get to legislating? A comparison of our records, made when we served together last year in the State Senate, will enlighten you. During that time I was always accessible to my constituents, always glad to see them and help them, no matter how unimportant or how destitute of influence they might be. During that time I was in a position to grant no less than two hundred and forty-seven favors—and I granted them, every one. I'm only sorry that this section here wasn't included in my Senatorial district, because then some of you boys might have got some of these plums."

There was hearty laughter at this.

"Or maybe you wouldn't have, because I guess most of you weren't voters then."

This sly sally was also much appreciated.

"And now what was my opponent doing in the same time for his constituents? He had as many opportunities as I to grant favors. Did he grant a single one? No. Did he get a single job for the needy? No. Did he take the slightest interest in his constituents or seek to do them the slightest human service? No. They bored him. He denied himself to them if they came to see him. He had no time for the man in trouble. He associated only with men of his own set. He neglected his constituents; and as he neglected them then, he'll neglect them if they send him to Washington; and as I served mine then, I'll serve them if they send me to Washington. As Congressman I'll be able to do more favors to my friends than I could as State Senator; don't you forget it. Now, my friends, when I'm on the stump, I'll talk tariff and other national issues; but I want to impress it upon you, and I want you to impress it on your friends, that the important issue in this Congressional campaign is the personality of the two men who come before you asking for your votes."

"And you'll get 'em!" cried from the dining-room doorway Jimmy Burns.

"A-ay!" shouted the crowd, and they clapped and whistled.

it angered Jerry to feel that he alone appreciated the impudence.

At another time he would have been amused by the diversion in which the lanky, crafty-eyed Jimmy Burns and the chunky, red-faced follower known as Bill became engaged. They had temporarily given their attention to doughnuts rather than to whisky, and were endeavoring now to utilize one of the stout circular confections in a game of ring toss; they stood several feet apart and each took turns in trying to circumvent with the missile the other's gravely upraised forefinger.

"Bill, you wiggled it," complained Burns after a failure.

"I did not; you can't pitch because you can't stand," retorted Bill.

"Can't stand! I'm standin' for Councils, my son, and you don't want to forget it."

"You for Councils! Go on! If you get more'n one vote, it'll be because you're a repeater."

"Ah, you're sore because they handed you the lemon. You thought you was goin' to run yourself."

"Ah, crawl under the sink along with the other pipes."

"Say, does anybody smell gas?" said Burns.

"You first, with your nose above the leak," replied Bill.

"Your valve's flappin'; it needs a new washer. Try this."

Burns slammed the doughnut into his friend's face.

BILL sprang forward and seizing his assailant by the shoulders propelled him violently backward through the parlor. Too late Jerry perceived the disaster that impended and leaped to avert it. The two went crashing into the corner where hung the memorial dove. Jerry flung them apart and exposed the ruin. The satin-sheathed frame was crumpled and broken; the bird lay crushed upon the floor. Jerry said nothing; he stooped and picked it up and carried it from the room. As he bore it up the stairs he caressed it with his hand as if it had been a living, wounded thing. He laid it on his bed and looked at it for a little while; he lifted the torn wing and turned over the crushed body; it was past mending. Then he went again down to his guests.

Apparently the mishap had quieted them; when Jerry entered they were gathered about Maxwell listening. Jerry had no longer the eager desire to crowd into the front rank of the speaker's audience; he stood a little apart, leaning by an open window.

Then, as he caught the drift of Maxwell's story, his cheeks reddened, his lips set angrily. The young men crowded closer round the narrator, chuckling at inter-

carpet, cleaned and swept this room so that it should be fit and decent for you to come into. And you come here and talk smut—here in my mother's room! Now get out!"

Maxwell drew back a step. "Oh, look here," he said appeasingly, and he tried to laugh, "don't take it so hard. Why, if I'd known—"

"I don't want to hear one word out of you," said Jerry inexorably. He addressed the others in a quieter voice. "My mother and the friend she's with this evening wanted to have a look at this great man that's been favoring us. They got a look at him—through that window just now while he was telling his story. The man that shames my mother don't stay under this roof."

Maxwell, very pale, shrugged his shoulders and achieved a smile.

"Come along, boys," he said. "I had no idea this was a Sunday-school class—and I don't know that I've ever before been insulted by my host."

No other voice was raised; there was a forbidding look on Jerry's face. Less than half the company followed Maxwell from the house; the others lingered.

There was an awkward silence.

"Well, I guess I'll be goin'," said Tom Scanlan.

"Say—I guess you're all right, Jerry. I'm with you."

"So 'm I," muttered sheepishly some of the others.

"Good night, Jerry."

"Good night."

When Jerry came for his mother, Mrs. Driscoll received him coldly. His mother looked as if she had been crying; she looked at him, too, with mingled appeal and reproach. He merely said: "They've gone, ma." But out of doors he asked abruptly:

"What did you think of him? I saw you and Mrs. Driscoll leaving the window."

"Oh, Jerry!" She dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I kicked him out of the house," said Jerry, "when I heard that. I'm sorry, ma."

Then in her joy and her contrition that she should ever have doubted her son, she stopped, flung her arms about Jerry, and wept on his breast. A few moments later, ascending the steps of her house, she said:

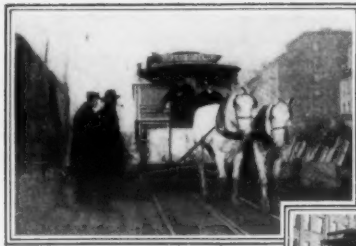
"And now, Jerry, child, you're done with politics, I hope?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "To-night I've just begun with politics."

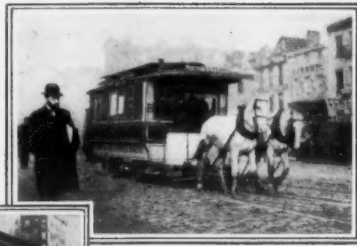
She paused on the threshold to look at him. There was a new confidence and knowledge in his eyes, in his smile. Then with poignant sorrow and exultant pride she understood; this night she was present at the passing of the boy, the awakening of the man.



Desbrosses Street Ferry Car



Near the River, Delancey Street



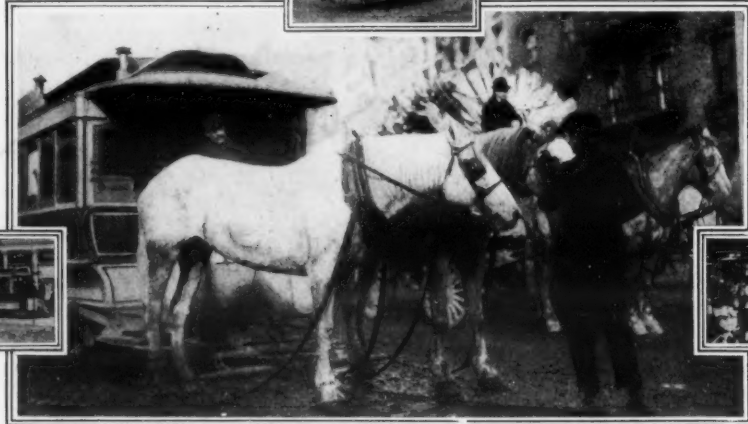
Near the Williamsburg Bridge



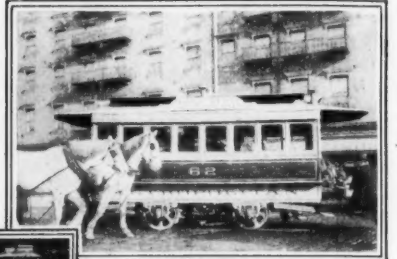
The 86th Street Charter Keeper



This Car Runs Once a Month



At South Ferry, the End of the Journey



On the Water Front



On St. Nicholas Avenue



Broadway and Chambers Street



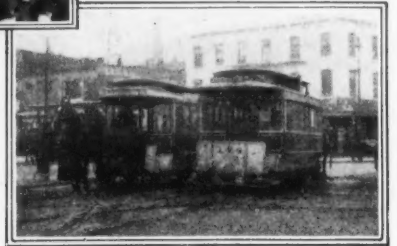
Near the Delancey Street Bridge

## New York the Only Horse-Car City

THE Jamestown Fair is not the only exhibition of American history now on view in the United States. New York maintains a permanent display of historical relics of unique interest. It is the only American city in which horse-cars may be observed in actual operation. On Manhattan Island, the richest and most densely peopled area of its size in the world, there were at last accounts 2,425 horses engaged in hauling cars over 92 miles of track. This represented nearly a third of the entire street-railroad mileage of the borough, which had 223 miles of electric road.

It is possible to travel by horse-car all the way from the Battery to Harlem. This venerable traction system embraces Manhattan Island on both sides and weaves several connecting strands across town. The company that owns it has occasionally raised loans to electrify its lines, but has found other uses for the money.

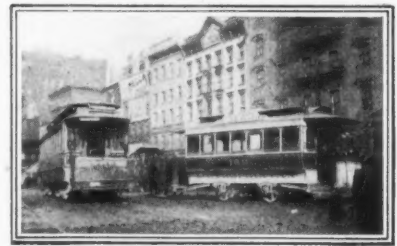
Unlike some ancient fabrics whose value for historical purposes has been almost ruined by injudicious restorations, the horse-car system of New York has been untouched by profane hands. In its virgin integrity it offers unexcelled material for archeological study. Each car, and each piece of track, if not each horse, remains exactly as it was when it first went into service. The cars of Model 1862 still show the holes pierced by the flying bricks of the draft riots of 1863. The paint on the cars of Model 1889 still displays the cracks of the hot summer of 1896. Those of earlier dates have no paint left. The stock of horses was considerably reduced by the epidemic of influenza in 1873, and hence the live stock averages younger than the cars. On most of the routes the horse-cars run with more or less regularity, with the expectation of carrying paying passengers, but on some of them spectral vehicles run at intervals of days or weeks to hold the franchises, and on one of these an offer of a fare would threaten a dangerous shock to the conductor's nervous system.



At Grand Street Ferry, East River



At Grand and Clinton Streets



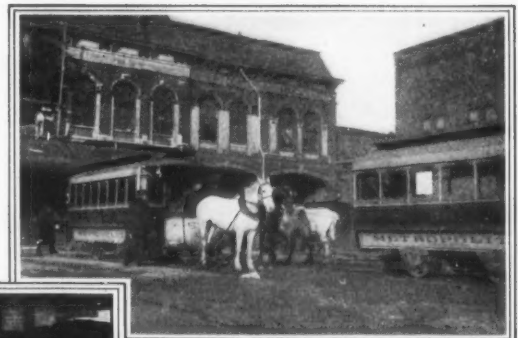
Belt Line, South Ferry



West Street, near Warren



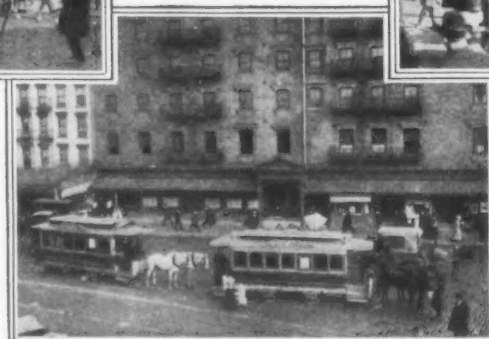
28th Street Crosstown



Starting East from Chambers Street



Chambers Street Ferry Crosstown



Belt Line Cars at South Ferry



At Fulton Ferry, East River



# What the World is Doing

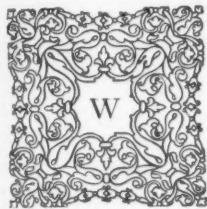
## A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



### Secretaries of Peace



WHILE the President has been practising diplomacy in the Mississippi Valley the two diplomatists of the Cabinet have been doing strenuous work abroad. Mr. Taft, who landed at Yokohama on September 28, greeted his first Japanese interviewers with the happy remark: "I speak as the Secretary of War in America, and also as the Secretary of Peace." Never were friendly words more timely. It happened that two leading New York newspapers had just committed indiscretions even more dangerous than the shrieks of the "Herald" for the despatch of the fleet. The "Times" had asserted, on what purported to be high authority, that the President was sending the fleet as an answer to "Japan's hectoring," and that after the announcement that it was going, there had "not been a cross word from Tokyo." This was eminently one of the things that should have been left unsaid, and the impropriety of saying it was not affected in the least by the question whether it was true or false. The "Times's" story was cabled to London and thence to Tokyo, where it appeared just in time to greet Mr. Taft on his arrival.

At the same time the New York "Sun" was beginning to announce, in double-headed leaders, that the official explanations of the voyage of the fleet were false, that it was really "going to the Pacific Ocean for war with Japan," that when it once reached that ocean war was inevitable, and that while the American people did not want war with Japan nor with any other country, they were "apparently without recourse or voice." All this cut out plenty of work for our first Secretary of Peace. When he was anxiously questioned by Japanese reporters Mr. Taft scouted the idea that anything could break the friendship between the United States and Japan, and at the first banquet given in his honor he said:

"The Americans are proud of Japan. . . . Now for the moment there is only a little cloud over our friendship of fifty years, but the greatest earthquake of the century could not shake our amity. . . ."

"Under the circumstances nothing is more infamous than the suggestion of war. The war talk is due entirely to newspapers, which seek to increase their sale, and which for political reasons attack the Government. It is difficult to characterize in moderate language such attempts to create ill-will between the two peoples. Be assured that America's good-will toward Japan is as warm as ever."

Mr. Taft's message of good-will was welcomed with wild enthusiasm, and the war cloud, for the time at least, was a thing of the past in Tokyo.

Our other Secretary of Peace, Mr. Root, has had a less delicate task than Mr. Taft's. His duty has been to give expression to a friendship already firmly established. The Mexican Government and people, meeting him half-way, made him the guest of the nation. The palace of Chapultepec was put at his service, and he was welcomed by thousands of citizens as well as by his official entertainers.

Although there were no causes of dispute to be adjusted, as at Tokyo, Mr. Root's visit to Mexico was just in time to dispel a slight coolness created among all the Latin-American republics by the proceedings at the Hague Conference. The suggestion that the greater Powers should have more to say than the smaller ones in the constitution of the arbitral tribunals was so resented by some of the Southern statesmen that one delegate exclaimed:

"What Secretary Root did at Rio de Janeiro in 1906 has been undone at The Hague in 1907." So far as our nearest Latin neighbor is concerned, Mr. Root is quite capable of repairing any damage his work may have suffered from the entanglements of the trouble-breeding "Peace Conference."

### The America's Cup

THE trophies of Miltiades will not let Sir Thomas Lipton rest. Undeterred by three defeats, he prepared to build a fourth *Shamrock* and make another bid for the America's Cup in 1908. This time, however, he proposed to conduct the contest on a more economical basis. Instead of offering a ninety-footer, he challenged for a contest of "sixty-eight raters," which would be about seventy-five feet on the water-line. He stipulated further that the race should be conducted under the new measurement rules of the New York Yacht Club, which penalize "freak boats" like *Reliance*. He suggested in addition that he should be allowed to build two yachts and take his choice of the one to be entered for the races.

This challenge, issued through the Royal Irish Yacht Club, was declined by the New York Yacht Club, on the ground that the America's Cup was a trophy which stood preeminently for speed, and



Perpetual Motion

for the utmost skill in designing, constructing, managing, and handling the competing vessels, and should therefore be sailed for by the fastest and most powerful vessels that could be produced.

Although disappointed by this decision, Sir Thomas Lipton expressed his anxiety to have a race even if he had to build a ninety-footer to do it. Mr. Fife, however, intimated that he would not design another boat under the old rules. Meanwhile, the situation was complicated by a communication from the Royal Swedish Yacht Club of Stockholm inquiring whether a challenge from that quarter would be accepted. The prospect of variety offered by this suggestion created a very favorable impression among American yachtsmen.

### Traction Tangles

WHILE the Civic Federation pilgrims who went abroad to study the workings of municipal ownership found much to criticize, the corporations that run the transportation systems of the principal American cities are offering enticing material to any similar committee of foreigners that might come over to inspect the effects of private enterprise in America. In New York the company that holds the richest system of surface lines in the world has gone into bankruptcy. In Chicago, the second city of the continent, the traction system has been brought into such a hopeless snarl by the combined efforts of two United States courts and three or four rival sets of financiers that the improved service for which the people voted in the spring election seems farther away than ever. In Philadelphia, the third American city, the company to which political jobbery has turned over the streets has been financed into a state of gasping asphyxiation. In San Francisco the president of the United Railroads is under indictment for bribing public officials to betray their trust. In Cleveland the corporations are at death grips with the public in a battle that has already cut the value of their stock in two.

The condition to which financial jugglery has reduced the traction system of New York, originally a gold mine whose wealth seemed inexhaustible, is so grotesque that the public has almost passed from anger to mirth. On September 24 the New York City Railway confessed insolvency and applied to United States Judge Lacombe for a "friendly receivership." Why a purely local corporation should ignore the courts of its own State and put its affairs into the hands of a Federal Judge—the same one who had put Hugh J. Grant in charge of the affairs of the wrecked Third Avenue Railroad, and who later had been appealed to by the Consolidated Gas Company for relief from the operations of a State rate law—was not obvious to outsiders.

In the beginning of 1902 the New York City Railway Company, then called the Interurban, was a phantom corporation owning four or five miles of track in The Bronx. It offered to lease the entire great Metropolitan system for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, guaranteeing a rental equal to seven per cent on the stock. The only security back of the guaranty was the Metropolitan's own earnings. What the proposition amounted to was that the Interurban promoters should take a chance on running the Metropolitan system, pocketing any profits in excess of seven per cent if they could find them, and throwing the property back on the hands of its owners if they could not. The guileless Metropolitan stockholders were dragooned into accepting the offer. At this time the Metropolitan controlled the Third Avenue system, which it had wrecked, and twelve other companies. The Third Avenue controlled three companies, one of which, the Union Railway, controlled seven. After the merger the City Railway was swallowed by the Metropolitan Securities Company, which later went into the maw of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, which also devoured the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which operated the Subway and leased the Manhattan Elevated system. It took so much money to finance these various operations that the original purpose of running a street railroad was entirely forgotten, and New York continued to astonish country visitors with the spectacle of nearly twenty-five hundred horses dragging prehistoric cars over more than ninety miles of track.

The business of carrying the people of American cities between their homes and their working places is in itself so temptingly profitable that it

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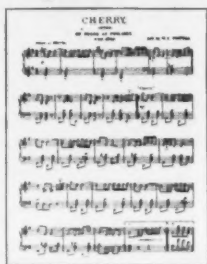
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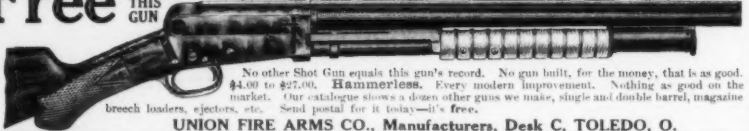
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Won't You Come Over to my House? Dreaming.  
Cheer up, Mary, A Friend of Mine Told a Friend of Mine.  
I Like You Too, Could You Read My Heart.  
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He Never Even Said Good-bye, Struggle to Me Closer.  
So on Antonio, Morning Star.  
Somebody's Waiting for You, In the Good Old Irish Way.  
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## The Central Waterway

### Reviving the ancient glories of the Mississippi

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S tour down the Mississippi, beginning at Keokuk on the 1st of October, has been no ordinary junket. It marked the first serious consideration publicly given by the head of the national Administration to the great project of a fourteen-foot waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. The President has traversed the greater part of the route of the proposed channel of trade, and has heard the arguments of its enthusiastic advocates gathered in the Deep Waterways Convention at Memphis. At St. Louis he met twenty-three Governors, a hundred United States Senators and Representatives, at least two hundred officials of various States, the Inland Waterways Commission, and a hundred thousand visitors. A much more apathetic man than Mr. Roosevelt would have been impressed by the evidences of Western interest in this great project, ridiculed as visionary a few years ago, but now accepted by many of the shrewdest transportation men of the country as the partial solution of a problem that has proved too big for the railroads to handle. It was only a year or two ago that Mr. James J. Hill thought it rank folly to talk about using the Mississippi as an artery of commerce. Now he thinks that no more railroads will be built, and that we must depend on the rivers to help us cope with our deluge of freight.

Speaker Cannon, who preceded President Roosevelt to St. Louis, committed himself in a measure to the deep channel project after the president of the Deep Waterway Association had said at a dinner that no man not in favor of the plan could be elected President of the United States. All the Republicans at the banquet, including several members of Congress who will have committee assignments to look out for in December, joined in offering Mr. Cannon the Presidential nomination.

## A Revolution in World Politics

### England and Russia settle their rivalries

A NEW and momentous chapter of world history was opened on September 26, when England and Russia gazetted their agreement concerning their relations in Asia. The politics of the Old World in the nineteenth century revolved in great part around the rivalries of these two Powers for Asiatic dominion. It was to check a possible Russian advance on India that England made herself an accomplice in Turkish misrule. But for that fear the Crescent would have disappeared from St. Sophia half a century ago. And now India is safe as far as solemn pledges can make it so.

The new agreement defines the interests of England and of Russia in Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet. In Persia two spheres of influence are established. England agrees to refrain from political or commercial activity in the northern and Russia in the southern part. A strip open to both is left between the boundaries of the two spheres, and England reserves her right to maintain her exclusive position in the Persian Gulf. Afghanistan is left practically in the position of a vassal state of Britain, Russia agreeing to have no political relations with the Ameer except through the British Government, which in its turn agrees not to encourage the Afghans in measures threatening to Russia, not to annex or occupy any part of the country, and not to intervene in its internal administration. Both Powers agree to respect the territorial integrity of Tibet, to treat with it only through the Chinese Government, and not to send representatives to Lhasa.

The first effect of the Anglo-Russian agreement is to emphasize the isolation of Germany. By special treaties with the great Powers of Europe and Asia, and by a friendly understanding as good as a treaty with the United States, England has made her position throughout the world secure, while Germany stands alone in a ring of jealous neighbors. The next effect is to take most of the vigor out of the alliance with Japan. That alliance, from the British point of view, had one supreme purpose—to safeguard India against an attack by Russia. To secure that end England was willing to guarantee Japan against a Russian war of revenge. Russia was the object of apprehension in each case. She still remains so to Japan, but not to England. The alliance has now become a one-sided arrangement in which Great Britain assumes very heavy liabilities for vanishing benefits. Moreover, it has become especially irksome by reason of the friction between the Japanese and the British colonists, not to speak of Americans, on the subject of immigration. An alliance which has lost all its advantages for one of the parties may continue on paper, but it soon ceases to have any practical force.

## The Fleet in the Pacific

### Cruisers already there, but battleships not in sight

ALTHOUGH the obstacles in the way of the departure of the battleship fleet for the Pacific are growing, San Francisco has already become the headquarters of a naval force which a few years ago would have been regarded as formidable, if not imposing. On September 27 the armored cruisers *West Virginia*, *Colorado*, *Maryland*, and *Pennsylvania*, under Rear-Admiral James H. Dayton, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, reached that port, where they found the armored cruiser *California* and the semi-armored cruisers *Charleston*, *Milwaukee*, and *St. Louis*, under Rear-Admiral Swinburne, awaiting them. These eight ships would have had no trouble in doing all that the fleets of Dewey and Sampson did in the Spanish War. They could hold their own now in the Pacific against any hostile fleet that could catch them.

As far as the battleships are concerned, the prospect of their early departure from the Atlantic seems to be becoming rather remote. Although there is gross exaggeration in "The Navy's" assertion that "our Atlantic battle fleet is no more fit to make an early appearance in battle trim in the

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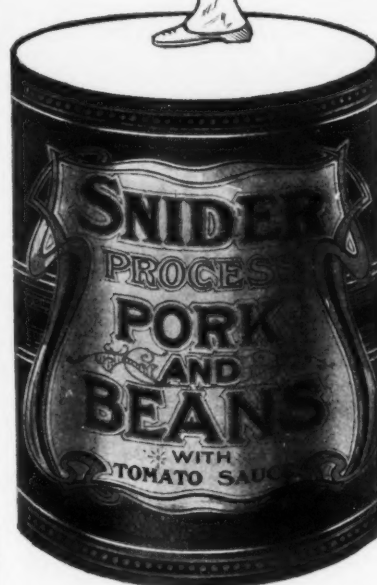
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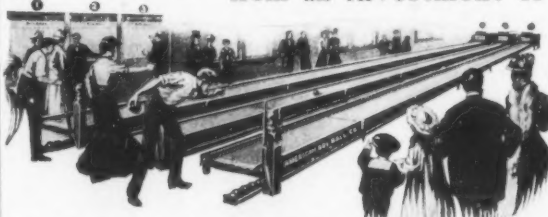
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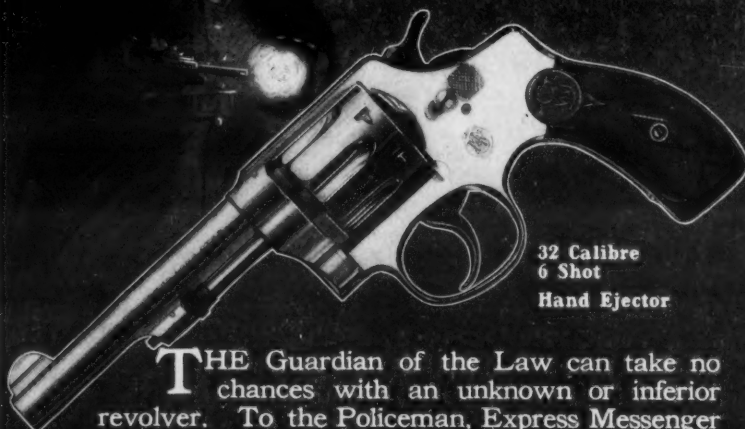
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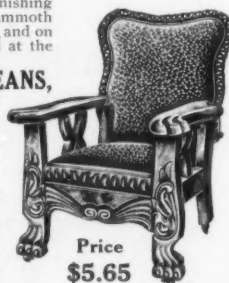
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waters of the Pacific than was the ill-fated fleet commanded by Rojestvensky," the preparations for the voyage have revealed innumerable defects calling urgently for remedy. One of them, as "The Navy" said, is the lack of efficient fire-control apparatus. It has finally been decided that a complete and satisfactory system must be installed on every battleship before the fleet sails. Fortunately, such a system is available, but its installation will take time. It is estimated that the work will require at least fifty days for each ship, and to squeeze in that in addition to the other necessary improvements and repairs before the middle of December threatens to exceed the possibilities of human energy. But if the fleet does not get off before Congress has a chance to take a hand in the job, it may not be possible to get it off at all.

## It Stung Like an Adder

*That cocktail also bit Mr. Fairbanks like a serpent*

A POLITICAL tragedy has been consummated in Indiana. The ambition of Vice-President Fairbanks to be elected a delegate to the quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore has been dashed to the ground. The deadly cocktail did it. There were eighteen candidates for seven places, and it took ninety-seven votes to elect. On the first ballot two candidates were elected, and Mr. Fairbanks got seventy-nine votes. The next ballot let in two more, and the Fairbanks forces had shrunk to sixty-five. On the third ballot only forty-five hearts remained true to Fairbanks, on the fourth forty-seven, and on the fifth thirty-five. At that point the name of the Vice-President was withdrawn.

What made this cut so hard to bear was that it was so peculiarly undeserved. If the Vice-President's Methodist brethren had objected to his treatment of the wage-checks of the employees of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railroad, or to his Danville, Olney, and Ohio River deal, or to his railroad lobbying in the Ohio Legislature, or to his business transactions with Jay Gould, or to any one of a dozen other features of his career in politics and finance, he might have felt philosophically that having secured the advantages of his line of conduct in those directions, it was only fair that he should "take what was coming to him" in the way of criticism. But to be assailed in the very quarter in which he had been laying up stores of merit by a lifetime of blameless self-denial was hard. His associates in the church swallowed his real faults without a grimace and gagged on his virtues. And while Mr. Fairbanks was vindictively punished because, absorbed in high thoughts, he had merely sat in the presence of cocktails which he did not see, and would not have been able to recognize if he had seen them, President Roosevelt, who actually drank the stuff, and is credibly believed to have repeated the offense on many other occasions, has been totally untouched by retribution. It is such things that make the victims wonder bitterly whether virtue really pays.

## Oklahoma Coming In

*President Roosevelt declines to join in a political trick*

THE bright idea of certain Republican politicians that Oklahoma should be kept out of the Union at least long enough to deprive her of the opportunity of voting for the Democratic candidate at the next Presidential election, has not commended itself to President Roosevelt. He has announced that while his opinion of the Oklahoma constitution is unfit for publication, he sees nothing in it to justify him in refusing to carry out the Act of Congress providing for the admission of the new State.

It would indeed take strong reasons to justify such a step. Oklahoma has over five thousand miles of railroad—two and a half times as much as the Kingdom of Saxony, which has three times Oklahoma's population. She raised last year a hundred bushels of corn, over fifteen bushels of wheat, and about three hundred pounds of cotton for every man, woman, and child within her borders. Her rank was high in many other products. She has a flourishing university and a progressive public school system. In case of need, she could contribute a hundred thousand fighting men to the national defense.

The accession of Oklahoma will make a considerable difference in the relations of the national parties. At present the Republicans have sixty-one of the ninety members of the Senate—a clear two-thirds majority. With thirty-one Democrats instead of twenty-nine the two-thirds vote will disappear. It will no longer be possible to ratify a treaty without Democratic help. Except Mr. Teller of Colorado, and Mr. Newlands of Nevada, the Oklahoma Senators will be the only Democrats in the Senate from a State outside of the old Solid South. The Republican majority in the House will shrink from fifty-eight to fifty-five. With seven more electoral votes assured the Democratic statisticians will be able to make new combinations in the Presidential campaign. Taking the Solid South and Oklahoma as a basis, they can figure out a victory with the help of the old Tilden group of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, together with Nevada and West Virginia. Without Oklahoma they would still need seven more votes, and it would be hard to see where they could expect to find them.

## Saxony's Public Railroads

*Travel on them is safe, if slow*

THE Kingdom of Saxony owns and operates 2,019 miles of railroad. This is a very minute system compared with the 224,000 miles in the United States, but its statistics of operation, furnished by Consul Ifft of Annaberg, afford material for some rather interesting comparisons.

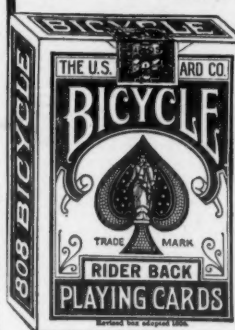
The Saxon state railroads killed or wounded 196 persons last year, or one for every 10.3 miles of line. The American private roads killed or wounded 108,324, or almost one for every two miles. Thirteen passengers out of 81,145,826—one out of every 6,241,986—met with accidents on the Saxon roads. Out of 799,507,838 passengers on American roads 11,123, or one out of every 71,878, suffered casualties. The American lines killed or injured one employee out of every 18.8; the Saxon lines one out of every 272.4. It cost the railway administration of Saxony only \$38,000 to pay all

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the damages assessed against it for injuries in the whole year, which is less than the New York Central paid to the family of a single victim in its tunnel disaster.

In justice to American railroad managers, it must be said that the roads in Saxony are run in a more leisurely way than in this country. There are some American roads that do not kill people, and their competitors say that it is because their trains do not go fast enough to catch anybody. Consul Ifft finds most Saxon trains very slow, and stops "so frequent that they make the shortest journey tiresome." On the other hand, the time schedule, such as it is, is lived up to, and overcrowding is not allowed.

The Saxon and the American systems alike pay two-thirds of their receipts in operating expenses. But although the capitalization of the Saxon lines per mile is nearly double the American average—\$125,048 against \$67,936—the net returns on the capital are greater. The Government of Saxony realized 5.2 per cent on its investment last year, which is considerably more than the average of interest and dividends received by American security-holders.

## The Case of Nevada

*Can she stand alone, or does she need help?*

THE abandonment of the plan to unite Arizona with New Mexico brought out the suggestion that it should be attached to Nevada, and that brought the old question of Nevada's future again before the public. With the collapse of each successive mining boom this question has become acute, for Nevada has never yet attracted a permanent population large enough to justify the maintenance of a separate State Government. Nine States have come into the Union since her admission, and Oklahoma will make the tenth. All of them have forged ahead while Nevada has stood still. She had just 156 more people in 1870 than she had thirty years later. Her new mining camps are helping her just now, but in time they will go the way of Virginia City and Gold Hill. Her hope of a settled population now rests upon irrigation. There is plenty of fertile soil in the State if it can be watered, and the Reclamation Service may yet create a self-supporting commonwealth.

The Rochester "Union-Advertiser" suggests that the proper disposition of Nevada would be to unite it to Utah, from which it is divided only by an imaginary line crossing the desert. This would make a compact State of reasonable size. The only objection to the plan is that it would put the people of Nevada into relations which the greater part of them would find unnatural. The old mining region about the Comstock and the new camps of Goldfield, Tonopah, and Bullfrog have all their dealings with California. They would not like to be tied up to a Mormon majority several hundred miles away across the desert. But there is no reason, apart from sentiment, why Nevada should not be divided, attaching the western part to California and the eastern to Utah. Under such an arrangement the enlarged California would still be smaller than Texas, and the enlarged Utah smaller than Montana.

## Zeppelin's Triumph

*The airship that Wellman should have had*

COUNT ZEPPELIN, the German enthusiast, who has exhausted his fortune in aerial experiments, has won a triumph which bids fair to delay the inevitable victory of the aeroplane over the dirigible balloon. He has driven his latest airship at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour—a speed which would easily have carried Mr. Wellman to the Pole in the teeth of the "storm" of twelve miles an hour which proved too much for his *America*. Count Zeppelin completely circumnavigated the Lake of Constance, remaining in the air for four hours and seventeen minutes, leaving astern the steamers that tried to keep up with him, passing over five different states, and making evolutions of all kinds before the windows of the royal castle at Friedrichshafen. This voyage has broken all records for aerial navigation, not excepting the mysterious exploits of the Wright Brothers with their Ohio flying machine. A balloon capable of traveling at thirty-eight miles an hour would be independent of all ordinary weather conditions. Nothing but a real storm could stop it. With a fair breeze in its favor, it could beat the Twentieth Century Limited. The Zeppelin contrivance has the disadvantage, however, of being obliged to return to its anchorage before it can make a fresh start.

Just before Count Zeppelin's exploit, the British military authorities had congratulated themselves upon the successful trial of their first military airship, with its cylindrical gas bag of gold-beaters' skin. This was a mere infant in comparison with the Zeppelin monster. The British balloon was one hundred feet long, and traveled a mile and a half at the rate of six miles an hour against a nine-mile breeze, representing a net speed of fifteen miles—that of Count Zeppelin was four hundred and twenty feet long, went at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour, and must have traveled at least a hundred miles. The Count, at sixty-nine years, was at the helm of his own machine, and had the well-earned pleasure of personally sharing in its triumph.

It seems that the United States is not to be entirely out of this interesting competition. It is intimated at Washington that the War Department has perfected plans for a dirigible military balloon which is to embody all the foreign improvements and several new ones. It is to be 190 feet long, and its two engines, of 120 horse-power each, are expected to drive it at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

## Belgium's Postal Banks

*They tap a poorer stratum than savings banks in America*

STATISTICS transmitted by Consul Atwell, at Ghent, illustrate the difference between savings-bank conditions in America and Europe. The Belgian postal savings banks carry the habit of thrift into classes so poor that in this country they would hardly consider the possibility of starting bank accounts. Belgium has almost the same population as the State of New York, and it also has almost the same number of savings-bank



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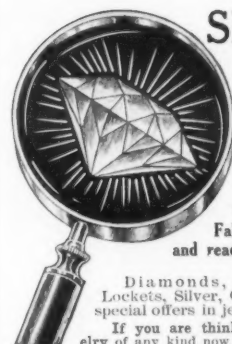
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deposits. There were 2,419,710 deposit books in the Belgian postal savings banks last year, and 2,637,235 in the private savings banks of New York. But all the Belgian deposits put together amounted to only \$240,800,000, while those in New York aggregated \$1,335,093,053. The average deposit in New York was \$506.25; in Belgium it was \$99.51.

Over a million accounts in Belgium show deposits ranging from nineteen cents to \$3.86 each. Nearly half a million more represent less than twenty dollars apiece, and only about one-thirtieth of the whole number exceed a hundred dollars. The average account in New York is over two and a half times as large as the maximum in Belgium. In New York deposits are received up to \$3,000; in Belgium the limit is \$193. Nor is there any restriction in New York on the number of accounts that may be maintained by the same person in different banks; so that many well-to-do persons use the savings banks for the investment of considerable fortunes. Thus the number of accounts is no guide to the number of individual depositors. In the Belgian postal system, of course, each account represents a separate person, so that the 2,419,710 pass-books mean that nearly one person out of every three men, women, and children, or much more than one member of every family, has money in the savings banks.

In some American States the savings banks are even less closely confined to the poor than in New York. In California, for instance, there is no limit to the size of savings deposits, some of which exceed \$50,000. The average deposit there is \$741.89, or nearly four times the maximum in Belgium. It may be added that 357,000 depositors, or rather accounts, in California, have more money in the savings banks than 2,419,000 in Belgium, and that 2,637,000 in New York have more than 18,210,000 in France and Italy combined.

The Belgian savings banks do an insurance business, such as is about to be done by the savings banks of Massachusetts. They insured 5,028 customers in 1896, and last year the number had risen to 29,269.

## Japanese in Canadian Politics

*The Opposition making trouble for Premier Laurier*

TO the various complications which make the question of Japanese exclusion so embarrassing for the Canadian Government Mr. B. L. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, has added another. He has undertaken to make the matter a partizan issue, opening a political campaign in British Columbia as an avowed exclusionist. At his first meeting in Vancouver he had the aid of Premier McBride, Sir Charles Tupper, and other Conservative politicians. Sir Charles Tupper had charged the disturbances in Vancouver entirely to American agitators, but he seemed to have no scruples against taking advantage of the feeling aroused to score a point against the Dominion Government.

Of course, Mr. Borden deprecated violence against the Japanese and said that Great Britain's treaty obligations must be respected. But he declared himself in agreement with the Western belief that if present conditions continued the immigration from China and Japan would mean "the driving out of the white people from British Columbia." "The question," he asserted, "really is whether the British Columbia of the future shall be dominated by the subjects of the Mikado or by Canadians." That issue, he thought, was more important than any consideration of trade or material prosperity, and he pledged the Conservative Party to "maintain as a first consideration that British Columbia must remain a Canadian Province, dominated and ruled by men in whose veins courses the blood of British ancestors." He demanded for Canada the right of free judgment, "just as free as that enjoyed by the other dependencies of the Empire, and by Great Britain herself."

The relations between British Columbia and the Dominion, between the Dominion and Great Britain, and between Great Britain and Japan, with reference to Asiatic immigration are delicate enough at best, especially when the position of Australasia and South Africa is taken into account, but when the subject is plunged into partizan politics the tangle becomes appalling. It was politics—each party bidding against the other for the votes of the Pacific Coast—that brought Chinese exclusion in the United States. If Japanese exclusion is to be made a political issue in Canada, a scrupulous regard for Imperial treaties has not very long to live.

## The Return of Wu

*The alleged inspirer of the boycott coming back*

THE same "nerve" that took the genial Wu Ting-Fang into the room of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, in defiance of all diplomatic conventionalities, to protest against the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act, is bringing him back as Minister to the United States in spite of his reputation as the instigator of the boycott of American goods. The Chinese Government felt a little natural doubt as to his acceptability, but decided to take the chances, and the appointment was duly gazetted at Peking.

When he was in this country before, Mr. Wu never lost an opportunity to lecture the American people upon the iniquity of Chinese exclusion, and he talked with undiplomatic frankness to the press. His candor was not resented because it was accompanied by so much breezy good humor.

In the midst of his agitation Mr. Wu was embarrassed by an exclusion movement at home, directed by Chinese patriots against white intruders, and this Boxer disturbance took such strenuous forms that China had to suspend her complaints against foreign countries and devote her entire attention to disarming their resentment against herself. In this effort she found effective support from the United States, which alone among the Powers tried to moderate the spirit of revenge and protect China's interests. Notwithstanding these services Mr. Wu, on his return to China, was said to have inspired the anti-American boycott. How true this was he will doubtless explain with his customary frankness when he comes back. He will find that the subject of Asiatic exclusion has entered upon a new phase, far broader than that with which he was familiar during his former term of service.

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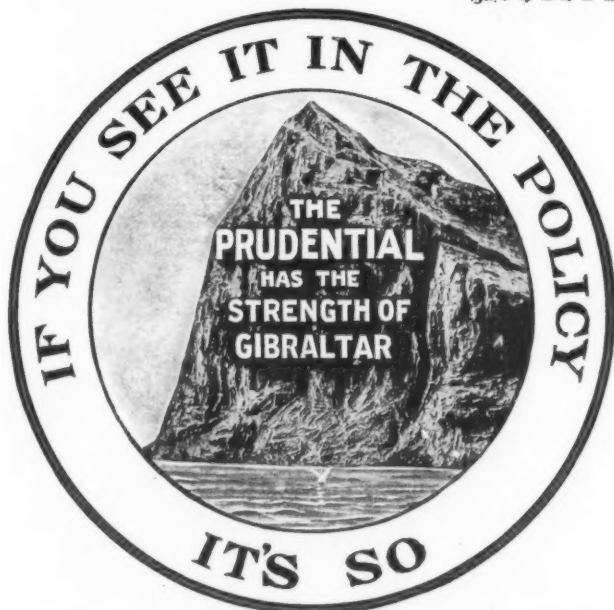
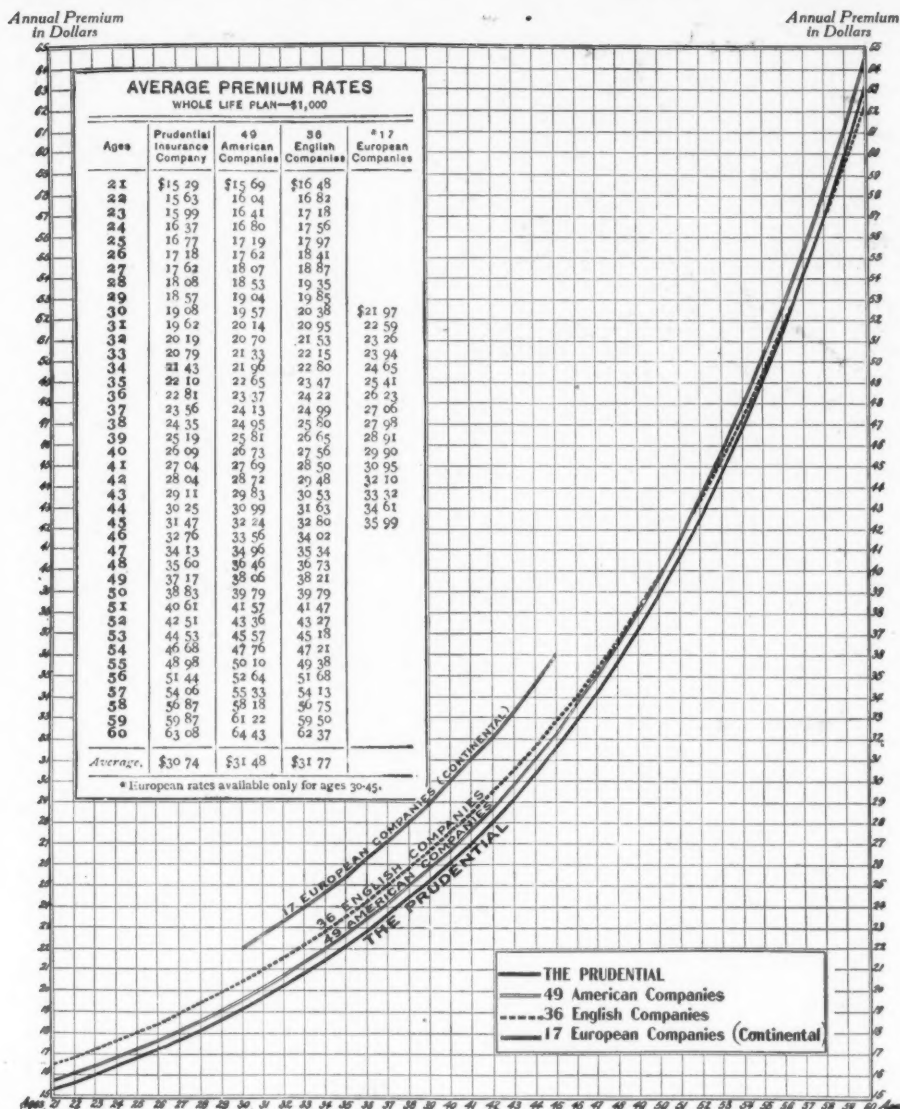
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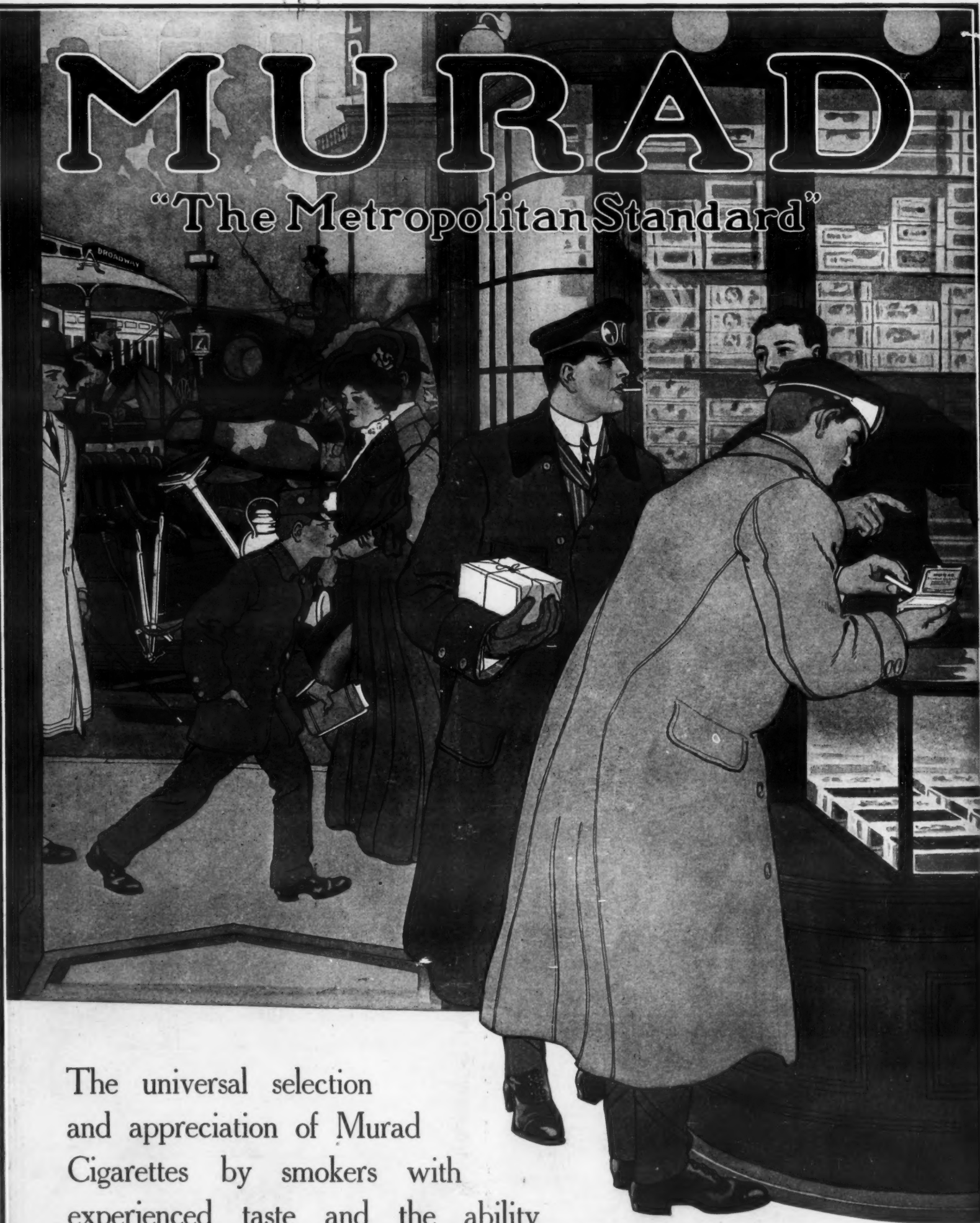
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